

THE  
Tragicall Legend of Robert,  
Duke of Normandy, surnamed  
*Short-thigh*, eldest sonne to  
*William Conqueror*.

VVith the Legend of *Matilda* the  
chast, daughter to the Lord Robert Fitzwa-  
ter, poysoned by King  
Iohn.

*And the Legend of Piers Gaueston, the*  
great Earle of Cornwall: and mighty fauorite  
of king *Edward the second*.

By Michaell Drayton.

*The latter two, by him newly corrected and  
augmented.*

AT LONDON,  
Printed by Ia. Roberts for N. L. and  
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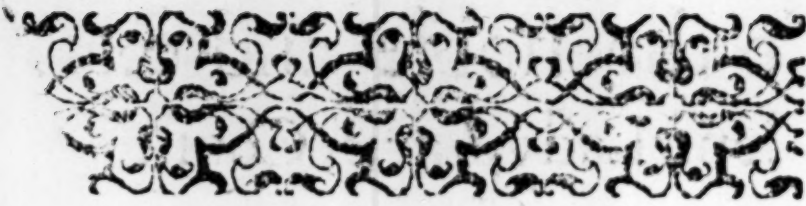


# To the noble and excellent Lady, Lucie, Countesse of Bedford.



Ost noble Ladie, I leaue my Poems as a monument of the Zeale I beare to your Vertues, though the greatest part of my labour, be but the least part of my loue: And if any thought of worth liue in mee, that onely hath been nourished by your mild fauours and former graces to my vnworthy selfe, and the admiration of your more then excellent parts shyning to the world. What nature & industry began, your honour and bountie hath thus farre continued. The light I haue, is borrowed from your beams, which Enyie shall not eclipse, so long as you shall fauourable shine. Vnder the stampe of your glorious Name my Poems shall passe for currant, beeing not altogether vnworthy of so great a superscription: I liue onely dedicated to your seruice, and rest your Honors humble deuoted.

Michaell Drayton.



To the vertuous Lady, the Lady  
Anne Harrington: wife to the Ho-  
norable Gentleman, Sir Iohn Har-  
rington, Knight.

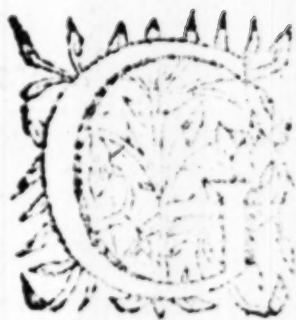
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**M**Adam: my words cannot expresse my mind,  
My zealous dutie to make knowne to you,  
When your deserts all severally I find,  
In this attempt, of mee doe claime their due:  
Your gracious kindnes (Madam) claimes my hart,  
Your bountie bids my hand to make it knowne,  
Of me your vertues each doe claime a part,  
And leaue me thus the least part of mine owne,  
What should commend your modestie, your wit,  
Is by your wit and modestie commended,  
And standeth dumbe in most admiring it,  
And where it should begin, it there is ended.  
And thus returne, to your praise onely due,  
And to your selfe say, you, are onely you.

Michaell Drayton.



## To the Reader.



Entlemen, since my first publishing of these tragicall cōplaints of *Piers Gauston* and *Matilda*, it is not vnknowne to any vvch traffique with Poetry, how by the sinister dealing of some vnskillsull Printer, *Piers Gauston* hath been lately put forth contrary to my will, with as manie faults as there be lynes in the same, beeing in deede at the first no perfect Coppy, but left vnformed and vndigested, like a Beare vvhelpe before it is lickt by the Dam. But now of late vnderstanding by the Stationers, that they meant the thyrd time to bring it to the Presse, for which purpose as it seemd, they kept *Matilda* from printing: onely because they meant to ioyne the  
together

## To the Reader.

together in one little volume, I haue taken some paine in them both to augment and polish them, sith I see they must goe to the publique view of the world: and with the old conceite of *Apelles*, (hearing the opinion of all that passed by) amended so much as the larchet. To these complaints written by mee two yeeres since, I haue added this third, of *Robert Duke of Normandie*: A subiect in my poore opinion, as worthy as any, how soeuer I haue hanled it in the writing. Thus submitting my labours to your discreet censure, I end.

M. D.



## The Argument of Robert Duke of Normandie.

**A**fter the conquest of England, by *William* Duke of Normandy, his eldest son *Robert*, surnamed *Short-thigh*, much more then eyther of his bretheren, *William Rufus*, or *Henry Beuclarke*, beloued of the Commons, yet brought in disgrace with his Father, by meanes of *Lanfrank* Byshop of Canterburie, who greatlie affected the said *William Rufus*, as a man rightlie of his owne disposition. *Robert* beeing a man of a mightie spirit, finding himselfe disgrac'd, & grown hatefull to his Father, and the Crowne of England assured to his Brother: whilst his Father maketh warrs in Fraunce, hee with a troupe of resolute Germans, inuadeth Normandie. In the height of all these troubles, *William Conqueror* dyeth, leauing the kingdome of England to *Rufus*. Whilst *Robert* prepareth to make warre vpon his brother, by the pollicies



## THE ARGUMENT.

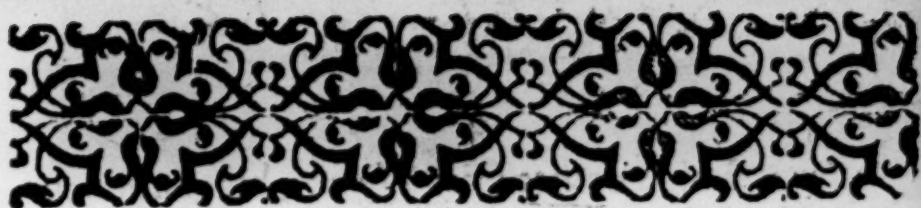
pollicies of *Lanfranke* and his accomplices, they are friends, *Robert* peaceably enjoyeth *Normandie*, and if he ouer-lived his brother *William*, to succeed him in the kingdom of England. Nowe, the bane of the holy warrs called *Robert* to *Palestine*, with *Peter* the Hermit, and *Godfrey* of *Bulloyne*, for which, to pay his souldiours, hee engageth *Normandie* to his youngest brother *Henry* for summes of money. In his absence *William* dyeth, *Henrie* vsurpeth the Crowne, and Duke *Robert* returning from the warrs with great honor, yet in his warrs at home most vnfortunate, hee is taken by *Henry* in a battell in *Normandy*, brought a captiue into England, and imprisoned in *Cardiffe* Castell in *VVales*, where *Henry* as a Tyrant, still fearing his escape, put out his eyes.

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The





# The Tragicall Legend of Robert Duke of Nor- mandie .

I

**W**Hat time Sleeps Nurse the silent night begun  
To steale by minuts on the long-liu'd daies,  
The furious Dog-star chasing of the Sun,  
VWhose scorching breath ads flame vnto his raies,  
At whose approach the angry Lyon braies,  
The earth now warm'd in thys celestiaall fire,  
To coole her heate, puts off her rich attire.

2

The deawy-tressed Morning newly wake,  
VWith goldē tinsell scarce had crown'd her browes,  
Ryding in tryumph on the Ocean lake,  
Embellishing the honny-fringed bowes,  
Deepe mellancholly from my braine to rouse,  
To *Isis* banck my *Genius* guides the way, (play.  
Amongst whose Reeds soft murmuring winds do  
B. *Zephyre*

## ROBERT, DVKE

3

Zephyre, which courts faire *Thames*, his gentle loue,  
On whose smooth brest the swelling billows flow,  
Which on a long the wanton tyde doth shoue,  
And to keepe back he easilie doth blow,

Still meets her comming, followes if shee goe;  
Shee, forcing waues to coole his hote embrace,  
Hee, fanning breath vpon her christall face.

4

Still dallying in her often-turning source,  
She streaks a long the shores with her proud straine,  
And here, and there, she wantons in her course,  
And in her gate oft turneth back againe,

Smiling to looke vpon her siluer traine,  
VVith pretty Anticks shee the faire soile greets,  
Till *Medons* streame from famous *Kent* shee meets.

5

Thus careles wandring with this gliding streame,  
VVhose fleeting told me of tymes flying howers,  
Delighted thus as in a pleasing dreame,  
Cropping small branches of the sweetest flowers:

And looking back on *Londons* stately towers,  
So *Troy* (thought I) her stately head did beare,  
Whose crazed ribs y furrowing plough doth eyre.  
VVeary,

## OF NORMANDY.

6

VVeary, at length a VVillow tree I found,  
VVhich on the brim of this great current stood,  
VVhose roote was matted with the arras'd ground,  
Deaw'd with the small drops of this surging flood,  
Ordain'd it seem'd to sport her Nymphish brood  
Whose curled top, enuy'd the heauens great eye  
Should view the stock shee was maintained by.

7

The towting Larke which carrols to the Sun,  
VVith trebling descant quauers in the ayre,  
And on the riuers murmuring base doth run,  
The Marble-skyes, with checker'd varnish faire,  
My branch-embossed bed, of natures care;  
The flowers my smell, the flood my thirst to steep,  
Thus like a King, with pleasure rock'd a sleepe.

8

VVhen in a dreame it seemed vnto mee  
A noyse of trumpets from the flood arose,  
As when great BETA in her pompe wee see,  
VVhen shee by *London* on the water goes,  
The dauncing Barge with silent musick rowes:  
The people thronging on the wharfes & shores,  
The ayre with shouts, the water fill'd with oares.

B 2

A

# ROBERT, DUKE

9

A troope of Nymphes came suddainly on land,  
When thus was ended this tryumphant sound,  
Encompassing mee, lying on the strand,  
Taking theyr places on the grassy ground,  
Theyr ory tresses all with Laurell crown'd,  
Casting theyr sober modest eyes a space,  
Vpon my swarty mellancholly face.

10

Betwixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,  
As newly brought from some distresfull place,  
It seem'd to mee he was some noble wight,  
Though his attyre were miserable and base,  
And care made furrowes in his manly face:  
And though cold age had frosted his faire haire,  
It rather seem'd for sorrow then for yeares.

11

The one a princely Lady did support  
This feeble Image which coulde scarcely stand:  
The other, fleering in disdainfull sort,  
With scornfull iecture drew him by the hand,  
VWho being blind, yet bound with many a band.  
At length, I found this proude disdainfull Dame  
Was FORTVNE, and the other, glorious FAME.

FAME



## OF NORMANDY.

I 2

FAME on his right hand, in a robe of gold,  
VVhose stately trayne, *Time* as her Page did beare,  
On which, for rich embawdery was enrold,  
The deedes of all the VVorthies euer were,  
So strógly wrought, as wrong could not empeire,  
VVhose large memorialls shee did still rehearse,  
In Poets man-immortalizing verse.

I 3

Two Tables on her goodly breast shee bore,  
The one of Christall, th'other Ebony,  
Engrau'd with names of all that liu'd before  
That; the faire booke of heauenly memory,  
Th'other, the black scrowle of infamy:  
One stuffd with Poets, Saints, & Conquerers,  
Th'other with Atheists, Tyrants, Vsurers.

I 4

And in her words appeared as a wonder,  
Her during force, and neuer-failing might,  
VVhich softly spake, farre of were as a thunder,  
And round about the world wold take their flight,  
And bring the most obscurest things to light;  
That still the farther of, the greater still  
Did euer sound our good, or make our ill.

B 3

*Fortune*

## ROBERT, DYKE

15

Fortune, as blinde as he whom she doth leade,  
Her feature chang'd each minute of the hower,  
Her riggish feet fantastickly would tread,  
Now would shee smile, & suddainly would lower,  
And w one breth, her words were sweet & sower.  
Vpon her foes, she amorously would glaunce,  
And on her followers, coylye looke a scaunce.

16

About her necke, (it seem'd as for a chaine)  
Some Princes crownes & broken scepters hong,  
Vpon her arme a lazie youth did leane,  
VWhich scornfully vnto the ground shee flong;  
And with a wanton grace passing along,  
Great bags of gold from out her bosome drew,  
And to base Pefants and fond Ideots threw.

17

A dusky vaile which hid her sightles eyes,  
Like clouds, which couer our vncertaine liues,  
Painted about with bloody Tragedies,  
Foolles wearing crownes, & wisemen clogd in giues,  
Now, how she giues, againe, how she depriues;  
In this black Map thus shee her might discovers,  
In Campes, and Courts, on soldiers, kings, & louers.

An



## OF NORMANDY.

18

An easie ryfing little banck there was,  
The feate fayre *FLORA* sometime sat vpon,  
Curling her locks in louely *Iſis* glaſſe,  
To reuell in the Springs pavilion,  
Here was her court, and this her princly throne;  
Here ſet they downe this poore diſtreſſed man,  
And in this ſort proude *Fortune* firſt began.

19

**B**Ehold (quoth ſhe) this Duke of Normandy,  
The heire of *William*, Conqueror of this Ile,  
VVhich thou poore *Fame* haſt vow'd to glorifie,  
VVhoſe hiſtory this Poet muſt compile;  
My ſlaue, my ſcorne, my priſoner, an exile,  
Whoſe life I mark'd with my black diſmall brand,  
And thou would'ſt now eternize with thy hand.

20

Thou art an Eccho, a by-word, a wind,  
Thine ayrie bodie is compoſd of breath,  
A wandring blaſt, within no place confin'd,  
VVhich oft of nothing, ſilly ſomthing ſaith,  
Yet neuer canſt ſpeake well till after death;  
And from imagination haſt thy birth,  
Vnknowne in heauen, & vnperceiu'd on earth.

B 4

Fiſt,

## ROBERT, DUKE.

21

First, in opinion had'st thou thy creation,  
Form'd with conceit, the needy Poets friend,  
And like opinion, keep'st no certaine fashion,  
Yet in a circle still thy course doth end:

And but a Post which all base rumors send,  
An needles burden of an idle song,  
The prophane accent of each witles tongue.

22

Slaunders vile spy, a runnagate, a thiefe,  
VVhich day and night in euery chinck doth peepe,  
A blab, a wanton, lightest of beliefe,  
Nor in thy gate a meane doost euer keepe,

But now hie in the ayre, now in the deepe;  
Reporting that which thou doost but suppose,  
And telling that thou neuer should'st disclose.

23

VVith extreame toyle and labour thou art sought,  
Danger the way that leadeth to thy Cell,  
Onely with death thy fauours must be bought,  
And who obtaines thee, fetcheth thee from hell,  
Where thou ensconst w<sup>th</sup> fiery swords dost dwell.  
And when thou art with all this perrill found,  
Thou art a suddaine voice, a tinckling sound.

My

## OF NORMANDY.

24

My out-cast abiects, such as I disgrace,  
And euer-more haue held in hatefull scorne,  
And in the world haue set in seruile place,  
These be thy fauorits, these thou doost subborne,  
These wait on *Fame*, whose weeds be neerly worne  
Yet cannot these poore wretches come to thee,  
Vnlesse before they be preferr'd by mee.

25

That trump thou saist, wakes dead men from theyr  
Is not of precious gold as some do deeme, (traunce  
A brazen pipe, by which vaine fooles do daunce,  
And but to sound so loude doth onely seeme,  
Sith points of vertue no man doth esteeme,  
And with this toy the idle braine abuseth,  
And so their folly and thy fault excusest.

26

Except in perrill, thou doost not appeare,  
And yet in perrill ebbing still and flowing,  
Flying from him that seeth succour neere,  
Diminished at hand, augmented going,  
On fertile stocks decay'd, on barraine growing.  
Lost life with rumors thou doost but repayre,  
And what thou promisest, thou payest with ayre.

In

# ROBERT, DVKE

27

In balefull Hearses, sad and sable grounds,  
On gory letters thy memorialls lye,  
Thy lines are deepe inmedicable wounds,  
And towards the dust thou point'st thy tearful eye,  
Neuer discover'd but in Tragedy :  
Thy stony hart is pittifull to none,  
But Syren-like, to their destruction.

28

This orbes great reuolution knowes my power,  
And how I raigne with the eternall Fates,  
VVith whom I sit in counsell euery howre,  
On change of times, subuersion of states,  
On their beginnings, on their seuerall dates,  
In destining haps past, on things to come,  
In iudgement till the euerlasting dome.

29

The starrs my Table-bookes wherein I write,  
My Register the spacious circling Sky,  
On heauens great brow I carefully endite  
Vnhappy mans long birth-markt destiny,  
And by my power, my lawes I ratefy,  
And his fraile will imperiously controule,  
VVith such quaint clauses as I there enroule.

To



## OF NORMANDY.

30

To me the heauens haue theyr Commission giuen,  
And in my Charter all their right compil'd,  
That I alone should blesse as beautilous heauen,  
And honor those on whom I meane to smile,  
To gaine them tytles of immortall stile,  
That all should worthy be which I bestow,  
Nor reason vrg'd, but for I thinke it so.

31

In great predestination is my beeing,  
Whose depth yet wisdom neuer could discerne,  
And in her secrets, more then secrets seeing,  
Where learning stil may learne how stil to learne,  
Those points w<sup>ch</sup> do the deepest points conscerne,  
VVhere sacred texts vnlock the way to me,  
To lighten those which will my glory see.

32

What names old Poets to their gods did giue,  
VVere onely figures to expresse my might,  
To shew the vertues that in mee doe liue,  
My onely power on this all-moouing wight,  
And all their Alters vnto mee were dight:  
VVhose wondrous working, stil to times did bring  
Matter whereon they euer-more might sing.

Still

## ROBERT, DVKE

3 3

Still most vncertaine varying in my course,  
Yet in these changes hold one certaine end,  
Crossing mans fore-cast, weakning wisdoms force,  
To none still foe, to none a perfect frend,  
Amazing thought to thinke what I pretend.  
Depressing vertue sometime, that thereby  
Shee taking wing againe may soe on hie.

3 4

Forth of my lap I poure abundant blisse,  
All good proceedes from my all-giuing hand,  
By me man happie, or vnhappie is,  
Blest if I bleste, repuls'd if I with-stand,  
And I alone am friendships onely band;  
Vpon whose Lincks all greedely take hold,  
Which being broke, our zealous faith growes cold.

3 5

Pawling shee frownes, when sudainly againe,  
A roaring noyse ariseth from the flood,  
As when a tempest with a shower of raine  
Is heard far off within some mightie wood,  
At which me thought all things amazed stood:  
As though her words such power with them did  
As Sea & Land did quake her voice to heare. (beare  
When



## OF NORMANDY.

36

When *Fame* yet smiling mildly thus replyes,  
Alasse (quoth shee) what labour thou hast lost,  
What wondrous mists thou casts before our eyes,  
Yet will the gaine not counteruaile the cost,

What couldst *y* say if thou hadst cause to boast :  
Which thus canst paint such wōders of thy worth,  
Yet art far lesse, then nothing can set forth.

37

A hap, a chaunce, a casuall euent,  
The vulgars Idoll, and a childish terror,  
A what men will, a silly accedent,  
The maske of blindnesse, and disguise of error,  
Natures vile nickname, follies foolish mirror;  
A tearme, a by-word, by tradition learn'd,  
A hearesay, nothing, not to be discern'd.

38

A wanton feare, a silly Infants dreame,  
A vaine illusion, a meere fantasie,  
A seeming shade, a lunatick mans theame:  
A fond Aenigma, a flat heresie,  
Imaginations doting trumperie;  
A folly in it selfe, it one selfe lothing,  
A thing that would be, and yet can be nothing.  
Disease

## ROBERT, DUKE

39

Disease of time, Ambitions Concubine,  
A minde-entrauncing snare, a slippery Ice,  
The baite of death, destructions heady wine,  
Vaine-glories Patron, the fooles paradise,  
Fond hope, wherewith confusion doth entice;  
A vile seducing fiend, which haunts men still,  
To loose them in the errors of their will.

40

A reason, which no reason can discusse;  
And hast the ground of all thy strength frō hence,  
VValking in shadow of mans *Genius*,  
In humane birth pretending residence;  
A riddle, made of the starrs influence,  
VVhich good and euill doost thy title frame,  
Yet neither good nor euill, but in name.

41

Those ignorant which made a God of Nature,  
And Natures God diuinely neuer knew,  
VVere those which first erected *Fortunes* stature,  
From whence this vile idolatry first grew,  
Which times defect into mens cares still blew:  
Grounding their vsurpations foolish lawes,  
On the opinion of so poore a cause.

Sloth

## OF NORMANDY.

42

Sloth first did hatch thee in her sleepe Cell,  
And with base thoughts, in idlenes wast bred,  
VVith cowardize thou euer-more doost dwell,  
And with dishonourable ease art fed,

In superstitious humors brought to bed:  
A gossips tale thy greatest prooffe doth lend,  
On old-sayd sawes thy tytle doth depend.

43

Thy habit loosenes, and thy measure wast,  
Deceitfull, vaine, inhumane, fickle, light,  
Thou poysonest him to whom thou giu'st to tast,  
Gainst vertue still thou bendest all thy might,

VVith honourable thoughts thou wagest fight,  
The yeelding man, in fetters thou doost binde,  
But weake and flauish to the constant minde.

44

VVho leanes to thee, whō thou hast not deceiu'd?  
VVho flattrest thou, whom thou abuselt not?  
VVho hopes of thee, and not of hope bereau'd?  
whose secrets known, & shame do'st thou not blot?

VVho not deuour'd, thou in thy pawes hast got?  
VVho's he, or where yet euer was he found,  
That thou might'st hurt, & didst not deadly wound?

The

## ROBERT, DYKE

45

The slavish peasant is thy fauorite,  
In chaunge and chaunces all thy glory is,  
In vile and basest things thou tak'st delite,  
In earthly mud consisteth all thy blisse, (this?  
VVhat canst thou be which art bewitch'd with  
For weart thou heauenly, thou in loue wouldst be,  
With that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

46

I am the powerfull meſſenger of heauen,  
My wings the lightning ſpreading farre & wide,  
To euery coaſt I with a thought am driuen,  
And on the gorgeous ſun-beames doe I ride,  
To heauen I mount, downe to the earth I ſlide:  
I regeſter the worlds eternall howers,  
The Secretarie of the immortall powers.

47

Refuge of hope, the harbinger of truth,  
Handmaide of heauen, vertues ſkilfull guide,  
The life of liſe, the ages ſpringing youth,  
Triumph of ioy, eternities faire bride,  
The Virgins glory, and the Martirs pride:  
The courages immortall rayſing fier,  
The very height to which great thoughts aſpire.  
The



## OF NORMANDY.

48

The staire by which men to the Starres doe clime,  
The minds first moouer, greatnes to expresse,  
Fayths armour, and the vanquisher of time,  
A pleasant sweete against deaths bitternes,  
The high reward which doth all labours blesse;  
The studie which doth heauenly things impart,  
The ioy amidst the tedious wayes of Art.

49

Learnings Greene Lawrell, Iustice glorious throne,  
The Muses chariot, Memories true foode,  
The Poets life, the Gods companion,  
The fire-reuiuing Phœnix Sun-nurst broode,  
The spirits eternall Image, honors good;  
The Balsamum which cures the Souldiers scarre,  
The world-discouering Sea-mans happy Starre.

50

My dwelling place betwixt the earth and skies,  
My Turret vnto heauen her top vpreares,  
The windowes made of *Lynceus* piercing eyes,  
And all the walls be made of daintiest eares,  
Where euery thing thats done in earth appeares;  
No word is whispered in this vaulty round,  
But in my Pallace straightwayes it doth sound.

C.

The

## ROBERT, DUKE

### 51

The pauement is of ratling braſen drums,  
The Raſters trumpets which do rend the aire,  
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,  
The chinks like tongues of all things talking there,  
And all things paſt, in memorie doe beare :  
The dores vnlock with euery word man ſaith,  
And open wide with euery little breath.

### 52

It's hong about with Arms & conquering ſpoiles,  
The pillars which ſupport the rooſe of this,  
Are tropheis, grauen with Herculean toiles,  
The rooſe of garlands, crownes, and enſignes is,  
In miſt of which a chriſtall Pyramis :  
All ouer caru'd with men of moſt renowne,  
Whoſe baſe is my faire chaire, the ſpire my crowne.

### 53

Here in the bodies likenes whiſt it liues,  
Appeare the thoughts, proceeding from the mind,  
To which the place a forme more glorious giues,  
And there they be immortally deuin'd,  
By vertue there more heauenly refin'd ;  
And when the earthly body once doth perrish,  
There doth this place the minds true Image cheriſh.  
My



## OF NORMANDY.

54

My beauty neuer fades, but as new borne,  
As yeares encrease, so euer waxing young,  
My strength is not diminished nor worne,  
VVhat weakneth all things, euer makes me strong:  
Nor from my hand, my Scepter can be wroong:  
Times sacriligious rapine I defie,  
A tributarie to eternitie.

55

The face of heaven my chronicles containe,  
Where I erect the Tropheis of my fame,  
VVhich there in glorious characters remaine,  
The gorgeous feeling of th'immortall frame,  
The constellations letters of my name,  
VVhere my memorialls euermore abide,  
In those pure bodies highly glorified.

56

**F** *Ame* ending thus, *Fortune* againe began  
Further to vrge what she before had said,  
And loe (quoth she) Duke *Robert* is the man  
VVho by my might and pollicie's betraid,  
Then let vs see how thou canst lend him aide:  
I tooke from him his libertie and crowne,  
Raife thou him vp, whō I haue thus thrown downe.

C 2

Quoth

## ROBERT, DVKE

57

Quoth *Fame* a fitter instance is there none  
Then *Robert* is, then *Fortune* doe thy worst:  
Here may thy weaknes, and my power be showne,  
Here shall I blisse, whom thou before hast curst,  
Begin thou then, since thus thy turne comes first,  
And thou shalt see how great a power I haue  
Ouer the world, proud *Fortune*, and the graue.

58

(Quoth *Fortune*) then, my hand did point the Star,  
The scale wherwith heauen sign'd his vtmost date,  
Which markt his birth with brands of bloody war,  
Rash mutinys, rude garboiles, harsh debate,  
His forrain plagues, home wrongs, & priuate hate:  
And on the height of his great Fathers glory,  
First laid the ground work of his Sonnes sad story.

59

Nature, which did her best at *Roberts* birth,  
I most vndid in his natiuitie,  
This friend I made his greatest foe on earth,  
Her gifts I made his greatest enemie,  
Framing such mildnes in Nobilitie:  
Differing so far from haughtie *Williams* straine,  
That thus hee iudg'd his Sonne vnfit to raigne.

And

## OF NORMANDY.

60

And yet that courage which he did inherit,  
And from the greatnes of his blood had taken,  
Stird vp with griefe, awakes his greater spirit,  
VVhich more and more did *Williams* hate awaken,  
Hee thus forsaken, as hee had forsaken :  
Yet to his will so partiallie inclind,  
As now his rage, his reason quite doth blind.

61

Now doe I leane to him whom all haue left,  
Laughiug on him, on whom dispaire doth lowre,  
Lending him hope, of former hope bereft,  
Giuing his youth large wings wherwith to towre,  
Ayding his power, to crosse great *Williams* power:  
That so his might, in countermaunding might  
By his owne wrong, might hinder his owne right.

62

That whilst his Fathers fierie tempered sword  
Through *Albions* cleeuues, the fatall entrance made,  
With *Germaine* power, retunes this youthfull Lord,  
VVith others Armes, his owne bounds to inuade,  
And *Normandy* lyes coucht vnder his blade,  
Thinking to make a present meane of this,  
To make his owne yet doubtfull to be his.

C 3

Towards

## ROBERT, DUKE

63

Towards *Williams* end, now *Williams* hate begun,  
VVhom he begot, doth now beget his woe,  
He scarce a Father, *Robert* scarce a Sonne,  
His Sonne the Father of his ouerthrowe,

Youth old in will, age young in hate doth growe:  
He nursing that which doth all mischief nurse,  
He by his blessing, causing his owne curse.

64

And yet least age might coole Duke *Williams* blood,  
VVith warrs in Fraunce I still the heate suppli'd,  
That whilst young *Robert* yet disgraced stood  
Iustly condemn'd of insolence and pride,

In this confirm'd, the famous Conqueror di'd:  
Setting proud *Rufus* on his regall throne,  
VVhilst Norman *Robert* striues but for his owne.

65

Much trust in him, a carelesnes first bred,  
His courage makes him ouer-confident,  
Blinding reuenge, besides his course him led,  
VVhen lost his wits, in errors darknes went,

Rashnes sees all, but nothing can preuent:  
VVhat his mind loth'd, disgrace did vrge him to,  
Making his will the cause of his owne woe.

This



## OF NORMANDY.

69

This buried trunck of *William* is the roote  
From which these two world-shadowing branches  
This factious body standing on this soore, (spred,  
These two crosse currents springing frō one head,  
And both with one selfe nutriment are fed,  
Vpon themselves their owne force so should spend.  
Till in themselves, they both themselves shold end.

67

Thus the old conquest hath new conquests made,  
And Norman Ensignes shaddow English fields,  
The brother now, the brother must inuade,  
The conquerors shield, against y conquerors shield,  
Right wounding right, nor wrong to wrong will  
One arme beare off the others furious stroke, (yield:  
Scepter with Scepter, sword with sword be broke.

68

The hatefull soiles where death was sown in blood,  
Encreasing vengeance one against the other,  
And now the seede of wrath began to bud,  
Which in their bosoms they so long did smother,  
These but as bastards, England their step mother;  
Weakning her selfe, by mallice giues them strength  
With murdring hands to spoile theselues at length.  
This



## ROBERT, DUKE

69

This *Williams* death, giues *Roberts* troubls life,  
VVhose life in death made lucklesse *Robert* liue,  
This end of strife, beginneth greater strife,  
Giuing to take, what it did take to giue,  
    Liuing depriu'd, which dead doth him deprive;  
Euill brought good, that good conuerts to ill,  
Thus life and death breed *Roberts* mischiefe still.

70

VVhen first King *William* entred on this Ile,  
*Harrold* had friends, but then the *Norman* none,  
But *Rufus* liued here as an exile,  
And *Robert* hop'd to raigne of many a one,  
    Onely my hand held vp his slyding throne:  
*William* but weake, beats *Harrold* down by wrong,  
*William* supplanting *Robert*, *Robert* strong.

71

*Odo* the prop which *Rufus* power vpheld,  
Reuolting then, inrag'd with *Lanfrancks* spight,  
And on this hope grounding his faith, rebell'd,  
In bloody letters writing *Roberts* right, (might:  
    Great *Mortayns* power, and strong *Mountgomeres*  
Mangling this Ile with new deformed scars,  
Ere peace had cur'd the wounds of former wars.

The

## OF NORMANDY.

72

The Normans glory in the conquest won,  
The English bruized with their battred Armes,  
The Normans followed what they had begun,  
The English fearefull of their former harmes,  
What cooles the English, Norman corage warms:  
The Normans entred to new victorie,  
The English for their fight already flie,

73

VVhilst *Rufus* hopes thus freshly bleeding lay,  
And now with ruine all things went to wrack,  
Destruction hauing found the perfect way,  
Were not proud *Robert* by some meanes kept back  
By fond delayes, I forc'd him time to slack:  
And stopt the mischiefe newly thus begun,  
To vndoe all what he before had done.

74

Thus first by counsell spurr'd I on the rage,  
Forcing the streame of their distempred blood,  
Then by my counsaile, did againe aswage,  
VVhen this great *Duke* secure of conquest stood,  
Pyning his force, giuing aduantage foode;  
That first by taking Arms, he strength might loose,  
And making peace, giue strength vnto his foes.

A

## ROBERT, DVKE

75

A peace concluded to destroy their peace,  
A suddaine truce to breed a lingring war,  
That Arms might cease, while mischief might in-  
To bring death neere, by sending safety far, (cease,  
In making that, which made, all quite might mar:  
Treason crept in by this adulterate key,  
Into the closet where his counsailes lay.

76

Thus made a friend, to rob him of his friend,  
The meanes a foe, might weaken so his foe,  
To frame this strange beginning to his end,  
The well-cast plot of viter ouerthrowe,  
In this faire vizard, masking in this showe:  
That since hate thus in wearing would not proue,  
He brings him now in habite of his loue.

77

Thus reconcil'd by me, one to the other,  
Ioyn'd in this poore deuided vnion,  
These brothers now make war vpon their brother,  
As loth from them he should goe free alone,  
To shape his mischief truly by their owne;  
To drawe on griefe, and vrge it to be more,  
Because it came not fast enough before.

This

## OF NORMANDY.

78

This by fore-sight still wisely prouident  
To spur them on beyond degrees of ill,  
To make their furie far more violent,  
And ground their ruine on their peeuish will,  
That mischiefe should be getting mischiefe still:  
That iniurie so far should pittie chase,  
As reconcilment neuer should take place.

79

And here to shew my power on thee poore *Fame*,  
I made thee now my greatest instrument,  
That in the furie of this raging flame,  
Euen in the height of *Henryes* discontent,  
To *Roberts* cares the brute of war I sent:  
Of Palæstine that leauing all with them,  
He might away to great Ierusalem.

80

With that sweet fume of honors shortest breath,  
Feeding the humor which possesse his hart,  
VWhen now drew on the time of *Williams* death,  
That in this fatall hower he should depart,  
Herein to shew my very depth of Art:  
That *Henry* now in England left alone,  
Might seate himselfe in *Roberts* rightfull throne.

The

## ROBERT, DUKE

81

The warlick Musique of these clattring Armes,  
Doth stop his eares like a tempestious wind  
That now he finds no presage of his harmes,  
Beyond all course so lifted is his mind,  
Declaring well the greatnes of his kind;  
Mounted so high within the spacious ayre,  
As out of sight of ground, he dreads no snare.

82

His Father dy'd when first his cares tooke breath,  
His Brother dyes, now when his woes should die,  
His sorrowes thus are strangely borne in death,  
All-ending death, brings forth his miserie,  
Such is my power in humaine destenie:  
That where an vtter ruine I pretend,  
Destruction doth begin, where hate should end.

83

Thus laid the complot in the course of all,  
I make his safetie vnto him more deare,  
Seated, from whence he neuer thought to fall,  
Assur'd of good, if any good there were,  
That now each thought a Scepter seems to beare:  
VWhich such a hold in his great spirit doth winne,  
As after, made his error prooue his sinne.

With



## OF NORMANDY.

84

VWith grace young *Henry* to his throne I bring  
Making great friends of mighty enemies,  
Shewing my power in this new raigning King,  
As by my hand inuisibly to rise,

Decking his crowne with worldly dignities :  
Forging his tongue with such a sacred fire,  
As could perswade, what ere he would desire.

85

In Palæstine with *Robert*, *Fame* doth rest,  
In England with young *Beauclark*, *Fortune* bides,  
These mightie Ladies, of these Lords possesse,  
Thus each of these, with each of these deuides,

Thus weare we factious then on either sides :  
*Fame* for braue *Short-thigh*, purchasing renowne,  
*Fortune* for *Beauclark*, for the English crowne.

86

Thou woolest, I win, thou suest, and I obtaine,  
What I possesse, that onely thou dost craue,  
Thou layest out to gaine, but what I gaine  
Thou dost desire, I in possession haue,

Thou hordst, I spend, I lauish, thou dost saue:  
Thou scarsely art, yet that thou art to mee,  
Thou wouldst, I can, thou seruile, I am free.

*Robert*

## ROBERT, DUKE

87

*Robert* growne weake, *Henry* recouered strength,  
What quencht the Normans glory, fir'd his will,  
*Robert* is fallen, *Henry* got vp at length,  
*Robert* no guide, *Henry* is steerd with skill,  
Grounding his good on lucklesse *Roberts* ill:  
Their mutuall courage, and vnmoued hate,  
Tels *Henries* rise, decline of *Roberts* state.

88

From perrils safe, no place at home he sees,  
Abroad he wins, at home he still doth lose,  
At home, wasted with ciuill enemies,  
VWhilst he abroad is conquering forraine foes,  
Wasting at home, more then abroad he growes:  
At home his daunger vnto many knowne,  
Yet he abroad is carelesse of his owne.

89

Now bring I *Robert* from these glorious wars,  
Triumphing in the conquered Pagans flight,  
From forraine broiles to toile in home-nurseries,  
From getting others Lands, for's owne to fight,  
Forced by wrong, by sword to claime his right:  
And with that sword in Panym's blood imbrude,  
To saue himselfe, by his own friends persude.

Thus

## OF NORMANDY.

90

Thus he's inrich'd with that he cannot see,  
With few vaine titles swelling in his name,  
And all his substance but meere shadowes be,  
VVhilst he strange castles in the aire doth frame,  
Lo such a mighty Monarchesse is *Fame* :  
That, what she giues, so easie is to leare,  
As of those gifts, none robbing need to feare.

91

This whets his spleene, but doth his strength abate,  
Much care for coyne, makes care for kingdoms lesse  
His feeblenes must hold vp *Henries* state,  
These beare vp him, which *Roberts* hopes suppressse,  
Whose brothers comfort is in his distresse ;  
This is the meane he vndertooke to try,  
VVith *Roberts* blood his safety first to buy.

92

VVith kind intreaty he doth first begin,  
Not fullie yet establisht as he would,  
By this aduantage to get further in,  
Till he had got a sure and faster hold,  
Baiting vnseene, deceit with sums of gold :  
By yearly tribute from his crowne to rise,  
To stop the mouth of passed iniuries.

This

## ROBERT, DUKE

93

This peate to which the mutenie must yield,  
And English tribute paid to *Normandy*,  
VVhat *Robert* thinks his *safegard's Henries* shield,  
And *Roberts* selfe, doth *Robert* iniurie,

This tribute wrongs his true Nobilitie ; (spring,  
And frō this source from whence their peace shold  
Proceeds the cause of *Roberts* ruining.

94

These summs, the sinewes of *Duke Roberts* war,  
Like howerly tides, his flowing current sed,  
And to his fier the liuely fuell are,  
His will the streame, and this the Fountaine head,

Hauing his humor fitlie cherished :  
Deceiptfull *Henry*, reobtaines at length,  
Vnto his Arme adding *Duke Roberts* strength.

95

This want his haughtie courage soone doth find,  
Cutting the quils of his high flying wings,  
That now he must commit him to the wind,  
Driuen which way the furious tempest flings ;  
Powerlesse of that, which giueth power to Kings ;  
VVhich desperate grieve, his mind enrageth so,  
As makes him past all reason in his woe.

Honour



## OF NORMANDY.

96

Honor gaue entertainment to belife,  
Vnder which collour treason in was brought,  
Which flew his strength before he felt the grieve,  
Pure innocence seldom suspecteth ought,  
No base affection maister of his thought,  
Nor maiestie inward deceit had learn'd,  
More then to shew, her outward eyes discern'd.

97

Miserie seem'd nothing, yet to him vnknowne,  
Not knowing euill, euill could not flie,  
Not sauouring sorrow, hauing tasted none,  
To find lurking deceit he look'd too hie,  
To honest minds, Fraud doth the soonest pry:  
Whose nature thus I chose to be the mould,  
Therein to worke what forme of hap I would.

98

His owne compassion, cause of his owne care,  
Vpon his thought, his constant promise stood,  
Vertue in him, most naturally rare,  
No vile base humor tainted his pure blood,  
His bounty still gaue good desert her food;  
His mind so great, and honorably free,  
Made him too prone to loose credulitie.

D.

His



ROBERT, DYKE

99

His counsels thus are combred by his care,  
In nothing certaine but vncertaintie,  
His friends resolu'd on nothing but dispaire,  
Yet shewes he greatnes in most misery,  
Each place become a stage for Tragedy;  
By error, wandring far beyond his scope,  
Strong in desire, but weakest in his hope.

100

In publique shame, oft counsell seemes disgrac'd  
No priuiledge can from the Fates protect:  
In desperation, counsell hath no taste,  
Vntamed rage doth all aduise reiect,  
Hiding the course which reason should direct;  
Making himselfe the author of his harms,  
VVithout experience, valor wants his arms.

101

Now I, whose power in *Williams* wars was scene,  
VVhen first on *Williams* conquest he begun,  
To shew my selfe the worlds imperious Queene,  
Now turne my selfe against his warlike son,  
To lose by me, by me his Father won:  
On Englands part, gainst Normandy to stand,  
Which Normandy had conquered by my hand.

The

## OF NORMANDY.

102

The conquest *William* made vpon this Ile,  
VVith Norman blood be-peopling Brittainy,  
Euen now as Brittons made within a while  
Turne with reuenge to conquer Normandy,  
Thus victory goes back to victory:  
That his own blood, wins what before he won,  
His conquering son, subdu'd his conquering son.

103

Thus Norman townes begirt with English arms,  
The furious brother dealing wrathfull blowes:  
Both pressing in where deadly perrill swarms,  
These English-Norman, Norman-English foes,  
At last doe get, what they at first did lose:  
As Normandy did Englands fall prouoke,  
Now Norman necks must beare the English yoke.

104

The flood of mischiefe thus comes in againe,  
VWhat *Fortune* works, not alwaies seems pretéded,  
The wind thus turn'd, blows back the fire amaine,  
VWhere first mischance began, she will be ended,  
And he defend him, from those he offended:  
For this we find, the course of fatall things,  
Is best discern'd in states of Realms & Kings.

D 2

On

## ROBERT, DVKE

105

On whom of late in Palæstine I smild,  
In ciuill warrs now dreadfully I frowne;  
He call'd from exile, I from him exil'd,  
To leaue his crowne, who had refus'd a crowne,  
Who beat all down, now heare is beaten down,  
Here to lose all, who there had gotten all,  
To make his fall, more grieuous in his fall.

106

To England now a prisoner they him bring,  
Now is he hers, which claim'd her for his owne,  
A Captiue, where he should haue been a King,  
His dūgeon made wher shold haue been his throne  
Now buried there, wheras he shold haue growne.  
In one poore tower mew'd vp, within one place,  
Whose Empires bounds the Ocean shold embrace.

107

Could mortall sence containe immortall hate,  
Or reason sound the depth of things diuine,  
Iudgement might stand amaz'd at *Roberts* state,  
And thinke no might to be compar'd with mine,  
That all power may vnto my power resigne:  
And that in *Roberts* fall, the world may see  
Amongst the starrs what power remains in mee.

That

## OF NORMANDY.

108

That sword which on his fortune hath such power  
Yet powerles is to end his wretched dayes :  
Those daies w<sup>e</sup> in their course all things deuoure,  
To his swift griefe, makes slow and lazie staies,  
To Tyrannies long raigne he thus obaies,  
That he in life a thousand deaths might die,  
Onely in mercy rackt with crueltie.

109

He hath no ioy but in his miseries,  
His greatest comfort is the blessed light,  
For which, (as I were angry with his eyes)  
I make the King depriue him of his sight,  
To sute his daies so iustly with the night,  
That fencles stones to mone he should not see,  
Yet fencles stones behold his misery.

120

And this he felt, that *Fortune* made him blinde,  
Least his eyes objects yet might lighten care :  
That y<sup>e</sup> light wanting, more might light his minde,  
VWhose eyes might see how great his sorrows are;  
That euery sence, that fencs woe might share :  
And so that sence depriu'd of ioy alone,  
Might more increase the griefe of euery one.

D 3

These



## ROBERT, DUKE

### I I I

These griefes and horrors, enemies of rest,  
VVhich murther life where they do harbor long,  
Kill humors, which his body oft opprest,  
Vnnaturally, thus making nature strong,  
As out of deaths dead stock new life still sprong,  
As life with death had tempted him till now,  
Yet death to life no ease would er'e allow.

### I I 2

Death he fear'd not, is taught his end to feare,  
Life, once he lou'd, with him now fall'n in loue,  
That foe, a friend, to hurt him doth forbear,  
That friend a foe, he cannot now remoue,  
Twixt them, he all extremities doth proue:  
Aged in youth, to pine his ioy thereby,  
Youthfull in age, to suffer misery.

### I I 3

Courage forbids that he himselfe should kill,  
His life too proud to be constrain'd to die,  
His will permits not death now when he will,  
VVhat would dispaire, true valor doth deny;  
Thus life's life foe, death is deaths enemy:  
VVilling to die, by life him double killing,  
Vrging to die, twice dying, he vnwilling.

So

## OF NORMANDY.

114

So many yeeres as he hath worne a crowne,  
So many yeeres as he hath hop'd to rise,  
So many yeeres he liues thus quite thrown downe,  
So many yeeres he liues without his eyes :  
So many yeeres in dying ere hee dyes ;  
So many yeeres lockt vp in prison strong,  
Though sorrow make the shortest time seeme long.

115

Thus sway I in the course of earthly things,  
That Time might worke him euerlasting spite,  
To shew, that power yet euer makes not kings,  
Nor that conceit can compasse my deceit,  
In fained things such meruails infinite :  
Nor any wonder is to be supposed,  
In that wherein all wonders are inclosed.

116

A T *Fortune's* speech they stand as all amaz'd,  
Whilst *Fame* herselfe doth wonder at his woe,  
And all vpon this deadly Image gaz'd,  
VWhose misery shee had discribed so ;  
But in reuenge of this dispiightfull foe,  
*Fame* from a slumber (as it seem'd) awake,  
On his behalfe, thus for herselfe be-spake.

What

## ROBERT, DVKE

117

What time I came frō world-renowned Rome,  
To waken Europe from her drouzie traunee,  
Summoning the Princes of great Christendome,  
To Palæstine their Ensignes to aduance,  
Sounding my trump in England, Spaine, & Fraunce  
To moue the Christians to religious war,  
Frō Pagans hands to free CHRISTs sepulchar.

118

That holy Hermit Peter, then as one  
Vvhich as a Saint bewaild so great a losse:  
With Bulloigne Godfrey, Christs strong champion,  
Vnder the Banner of the bloody CROSSE,  
Now on the Alps the conquering collours tosse,  
Leading along the brauest Christian band,  
To reare their Tropheys in the HOLY LAND.

119

Hether the flocks of gallant spirits do throng,  
The place whence immortalitie doth spring,  
To whom the hope of conquest doth belong,  
Nor any thought, lesse, then to be a King;  
Hether doth Fame her deereſt children bring,  
And in this Camp ſhee makes her treasury,  
The rareſt Iems of Europs Chivalry.

This

## OF NORMANDY.

120

This conquering lord, the Conquerors eldest sonne,  
Whose hand did then the Norman scepter weld,  
In Armes to win what once his Father won,  
To Englands conquest is againe compeld,  
Whose crown fro him proud *William Rufus* held,  
An exile thence, by's angry Father driuen,  
By *Fortune* robd, of all by Nature giuen.

121

VVith fame of this, once *Reberts* eares posselt,  
With heauenly wonder doth his thoughts inspire,  
Leauing no place for wrong in his faire brest,  
Giuing large wings vnto his great desire,  
VVarming his courage w more glorious fire,  
As thus to fight for his deere Sauours sake,  
Of Englands crowne he no account doth make.

122

Of kingdoms tytles he casts off the toyle:  
VWhich by proude *Rufus* tyranny is kept:  
Deere as his life to him that hallowed soile,  
VWherein that God in liuely manhood slept,  
At whose deere death, the rocks for pittie wept;  
A crown of gold this Christian knight doth scorne,  
So much he lou'd those temples crown'd w thorne  
Those



## ROBERT, DUKE

I 2 3

Those grieuous wants whose burthen weyed him  
The sums w<sup>e</sup> he in Germany had spent, (downe,  
In gathering power to gaine the English crowne,  
Garded with princely troopes in his rich Tent,  
Like *William Conquerors* sonne magnificent,  
Now by his need, he greeuouſly doth find,  
VWeakning his might, what neuer could his mind.

I 2 4

This braue high spirited Duke, this famous Lord,  
VWhose right of England *Rufus* held away,  
To ſet an edge vpon his conquering ſword,  
In gage to *Henry*, Normandy did lay,  
Thus to maintaine his valiant ſouldiers pay:  
Rather of Realms himſelfe to diſpoſſeſſe,  
Then Chriſtendome ſhould be in ſuch diſtreſſe.

I 2 5

Eternall ſparks of honors pureſt fire,  
Vertue of vertues, Angels angeld mind,  
VWhere admiration may it ſelfe admire,  
VWhere mans diuineſt thoughts are more diuin'd,  
Saint ſainted ſpirit, in heauē's own ſhrine enſhrind  
Endeared deareſt thing, for euer liuing,  
Recciuing moſt of *Fame*, to *Fame* more giuing.  
Such

## OF NORMANDY.

126

Such feruent zeale doth from his soule proceed,  
As those curl'd tresses which his browes adorne,  
Vntill that time Ierusalem were freed,  
Hee makes a vow they neuer should be shorne,  
But for a witnes of that vow be worne;  
True vow, strōg faith, great lord, most happy howr,  
Perform'd, increasd, blest by effecting power.

127

True vow, so true, as truth to it is vowed,  
Vowing all power to help so pure a vow,  
Allowing perfect zeale to be allowed,  
If zeale of perfect truth might ere allow,  
Then much admir'd, but to be wondred now;  
Faith in it selfe, then wonder more concealing,  
Faith to the world, then wonder more reuealing.

128

Disheuled locks, what names might giue you grace?  
VVorne thus disheuled for his decre Lords sake,  
Sweet-flowring twists, valors engirdling lace,  
Browe-decking fringe, faire golden curled flake,  
Honors rich garland, beauties messhing brake,  
Arbors of ioy, which nature once did giue,  
VWhere vertue should in endles Sommer liue.

Faire

## ROBERT, DUKE

129

Faire Memory, awaken Death from sleepe,  
Call vp Times spirit, of passed things to tell,  
Vnseale the secrets of th' vnsearched deepe,  
Let out the prisoners from Obliuions Cell,  
Inuoke the black inhabitants of hell :  
Into the earths deepe dungeon let the light,  
And with faire day cleere vp his clowdy night.

130

Eternitie, bee prodigall a vvhile,  
VVith thine immortall arms imbrace thy loue,  
Diuineſt Powers, vpon your image smile,  
And from your star-encircled thrones aboue,  
Earths misty vapors from his sight remoue,  
And in the Annals of the glorious sun,  
Enrole his worth, in Times large course to run.

131

Truth in his life, bright Poetrie vphold,  
His life in truth adorning Poetrie :  
VVhich casting life in a more purer mold,  
Preserues that life to immortalitie,  
Both truly working, eyther glorifie ;  
Truth by her power, Arts power to iustifie,  
Truth in Arts roabs, adorn'd by Poetrie.

To

## OF NORMANDY.

I 3 2

To his victorious Ensigne comes from far,  
The Redshank'd Orcads, toucht with no remorse,  
The light-foote Irish, which with darts make war,  
Th'ranck-ryding Scot, on his swift running horse,  
The English Archer, of a Lyons force:  
The valiant Norman all his troupes among,  
In bloody conquests tryed, in Arms train'd long.

I 3 3

Remote by nature in thys colder Clyme,  
Another nature he new birth doth bring,  
And by the locks he haleth aged Tyme,  
As newly he created euery thing;  
Shewing the place where heauens eternall King  
Our deere blood-bought redemption first began,  
Man couering God, earth heauen, & God in man.

I 3 4

Poore Ilanders, which in the Oceans chaine,  
Too long imprisoned from the cheerfull day,  
Your warlike Guide now brings you to the maine,  
VWhich to your glory makes the open way:  
And his victorious hand becomes the key  
To let you in to famous victories;  
The honor of your braue posterities.

Be



## ROBERT, DYKE

135

Be fauourable faire heauen vnto thine owne,  
And with that *Bethalem* birth-foretelling star  
Still goe before this Christian Champion ;  
In fiery pillers lead him out from far,

Let Angels march with him vnto this war,  
VVith burning-bladed Cherubins still keepe,  
Encompasse him with clouds when he doth sleep.

136

VWhen heauen puts on her glittering vaile of stars,  
And with sweet sleep the souldiers lences charms,  
Then are his thoughts working these holy wars,  
Plotting assaults, watchful at all alarms,

Rounding the Campe in rich apparreld Arms ;  
His sleep their watch, his care their safeties kay,  
Their day his night, his night he makes their day.

137

Valors true valor, honours liuing crowne,  
Inspired thoughts, desert aboue desert,  
Greatnes beyond imaginations bound,  
Nature more sweet then is exprest by Art,

A hart declaring a true princely hart :  
Courage vniting courage vnto glory,  
A subiect fit for an immortall story.

VVhy

## OF NORMANDY.

138

Why shold not heauen by night when forth he went  
Conuert the stars to Sunnes to giue him light?  
And at his prayers by day in his close Tent,  
The Tapers vnto starrs, to help his fight?  
That in his presence darknes might be bright;  
That euery thing more purer in his kind,  
Might tell the purenes of his purer mind.

139

Yet Letters but like little Ilands bee,  
And many words within this world of fame,  
VWhose Regions rise and fall in their degree,  
Large volumes short descriptions of his name,  
Like little Maps painting his Globes great fame:  
VVit lost in wonder, seeking to expresse  
His vertues sum, his praises vniuerse.

140

In greeuous toyles consisteth all his rest,  
In hauing most, of most enioyeth none,  
Most wanting that whereof he is possest,  
A King ordain'd, ne're to enioy his throne,  
That least his own, which richly is his own;  
In this deuision from himselfe deuided,  
Himselfe a guide for others safety, guided.

His

## ROBERT, DUKE

### 141

His one poore lyfe, deuided is to many,  
Dead to his comfort, doth to others liue,  
Vnto himfelfe he is the leaft of any,  
All from him taken, vnto all doth giue,  
Depriu'd of ioy, of care his to depriue :  
Who al controuleth, now that all controules,  
Body of bodyes, his foule of their foules.

### 142

Religious war, more holy pilgrimage,  
Both Saint & souldier, Captaine, Confessor,  
A deuout youth, a refolute old age,  
A warlike States-man, peacefull Conqueror,  
Graue Confull, true autentique Senator;  
Feare-chafing resolution, valiant feare,  
Hart bearing nought, yet patient all to beare.

### 143

Skill, valour guides, and valour armeth skill,  
Courage emboldneth wit, wit courage arms,  
This is the thred which leadeth on his will,  
This is the steere which guides him in these storms,  
To see his good, and to foresee his harms :  
Not flying life, in fortune so content,  
Not fearing death, as truly valient.

Hec

## OF NORMANDY.

144

He feasts desire with sweetest temperance,  
Greatnes he decks in modesties attire,  
Honor he doth by humblenes aduance,  
By sufferance he raiseth courage hier,  
His holy thoughts by patience still aspire:  
To fashion vertue strangely he doth seeke,  
Making poore hope impatient, sorrow meeke.

145

Then in his ioy, he nothing lesse inioyes,  
Still of him selfe the worser part he is,  
What most shold please him, him the most annoyes,  
Of his, there's nothing can be called his,  
And what he hath, that doth he euer misse ;  
His thought of conquest, so doth rest inuade,  
Thus is he made, as vnto others made.

146

All things to him be prosperous as he would,  
Not trusting *Fortune*, nor distrusting *Fate*,  
Resolu'd to hope, hap what soeuer could,  
Ioying in woe, in ioy disconsolate,  
Ioy lightneth woe, woe ioy doth moderate ;  
Carelesse of both, indifferent twixt either,  
VVoed of both, yet yeelding vnto neither.

E.

Endlesse



## ROBERT, DUKE

147

Endlesse his toyle, a figure of his fame,  
And his life ending giues his name no end,  
Lasting that forme where vertue builds the frame,  
Those sums vnnumbred glory giues to spend,  
Our bodies buried, then our deeds ascend:  
Those deeds in life, to worth cannot be rated,  
In death with life, our fame even then is dated.

148

VVilling to doe, he thinketh what to doe,  
That what he did, exactly might be done,  
That due foresight before the act might goe,  
VVhich wisely warning might all errors shun,  
That care might finish what he had begun:  
Iustly directed in the course of things,  
By that straight rule which sound experience brings.

149

From famous *Godfrey* and the Christian hoast,  
Vnto the mighty Grecian Emperor,  
Now is he sent, through many perrils tost,  
This Norman Duke, the braue Ambassador,  
His royall spirit so much ne're scene before;  
As with his princely traine when he doth come,  
Before the towne of faire *Bizantium*.

From

## OF NORMANDY.

150

From forth the holy Region is he sent,  
Bending his course through Macedon and Thrace,  
Yet neuer would he sleepe but in his Tent,  
Till he return'd vnto that hallowed place,  
Till he beheld that famous *Godfreis* face;  
Nor neuer rest his body in a bed,  
Till Palæstine were free deliuered.

151

Triumphall prowesse, true disposed care,  
Cleare-shining courage, honourable intent,  
Vertuous-apparrel'd manhood, thoughts more rare,  
Mind free as heauen, imperiall gouernment,  
Numbers of vertues in one sweet consent :  
Gyfts which the soule so highly beautifie,  
Humble valour, valiant humilitie.

152

Sweet ayre with Angels breath be thou refin'd,  
And for his sake be made more pure then ayre,  
And thether let some gentle breathing wind,  
From Paradise bring sweets which be most rare,  
Let Sommer sit in his imperiall chayre;  
And clothe sad Winter in the cheerefull prime,  
Keeping continuall Sommer in the clime.

E 2

Delight

## ROBERT, DUKE

153

Delight be present in thy best attire,  
And court his eyes with thy delightfull change,  
Oh warme his spirit with thy soule-feasting fire,  
To base delight-abusers, be thou strange,  
Such as in vainest pleasures boundlesse range :  
For pleasure he all pleasures quite forsooke,  
And arm'd with zeale these toiles first vndertooke.

154

O let *Danubius* in her watry roome,  
VVhere she the name of *Ister* first did take,  
VVith threescore riuers swelling in her wombe,  
With seauen large throats her greedy thirst to slake,  
Doth swallow in the great worlds vastie lake :  
Vnto all regions which doe know her name,  
In *Roberts* glory tell our countries fame.

155

And broad-brim'd *Strymon* as she vaulteth on,  
Slyding along the fertill Thracian shore,  
Kissing the stronds of famous Macedon,  
Which once the name of old *Aemathia* wore,  
Whose fame decay'd, her drops do now deplore:  
May raise another *Orpheus* with her mones,  
To sing his praise vnto her trees and stones.

Time

## OF NORMANDY.

156

Time on his life, thy gathered store disburse,  
VVhich may enrich thee with eternall gaine,  
VVhich art a beldame, now become a nurse,  
And in his end begin his glorious raigne,  
That yet truth may of truth be forc'd to faine:  
That of his praise thy selfe a part maist be,  
VVhich praise remaines the better part of thee.

157

O thou immortall *Tasso*, *Aestes* glory,  
VVhich in thy golden booke his name hast left,  
Enrold in thy great *Godfreis* living story,  
VVhose lines shall scape vntoucht of ruins theft,  
Yet vs of him thou hast not quite bereft:  
Though thy large Poems onely boast his name,  
Ours was his birth, and we will haue his fame.

158

The curious state of greatnes he doth scorne,  
Carelesse of pomp to be magnificent,  
Deeming the noblest minded, noblest borne,  
Him worthiest honor, which the furthest went,  
His blood most pure, whose blood in wars most  
Esteeming all fond titles, toyes of naught, (spent:  
Most honoring those which werewith peril bought

E 3

His



- ROBERT, DUKE

159

His richest robes are his approoued Armes,  
His sports were deeds of peerlesse chivalrie,  
He flies all pleasures as the Syrens charmes,  
To his great mind, no pleasing harmonic,  
Not touch't with childish imbecillitie:  
As sacrilege to his religious mind,  
To mix base thoughts with those of heavenly kind.

160

A mind which of it selfe could rightly deeme,  
Keeping a straight way in one certaine course,  
As a true witnes of his owne esteeme,  
Feeding it selfe from his owne springing source,  
And by himselfe increasing his owne force;  
Desirous still him daylie to enure,  
To endure that, men thought none could endure.

161

Deuine touch, instinct of highest heauen,  
Most gracefull grace, purest of puritie,  
To mortall man, immortall vertue giuen,  
Manhood adorn'd with powerfull dietie,  
Discreetfull pittie, hallowed pietie:  
In secret working, by it selfe confest,  
In silent admiration best exprest.

Not

## OF NORMANDY.

162

Not spur'd with honor, dearly louing peace,  
Constant in any course to which he fell,  
A spirit which no affliction could oppresse,  
Neuer remou'd where once his thought did dwell,  
Opynionate, that what he did was well;  
VWhich working now vpon so good a cause,  
Approueth his conceit the surest lawes.

163

No braggarts boast nor ostentacious word  
Out of his mouth is euer heard proceed,  
But on his foe-mans curats with his sword,  
In characters, records his valiant deed,  
That there vnpartiall eyes might plainly reed;  
In modest silence by true vertue hid,  
That though he dumb, his deeds told what he did.

164

He cheres his Souldiers with sweet honied words,  
His princely hand embalmes the maimeds wound,  
Vnto the needie gold he still affords,  
To braue attempts encouraging the sound,  
Neuer dismaid in perrill is he found;  
His Tent a seate of iustice to the greu'd,  
A kingly court when need should be releu'd,

His

Not

## ROBERT, DUKE

165

His life each hower to danger he doth giue,  
Yet still by valour he with perrill strives,  
In all attempts as he did scorne to liue,  
Yet lyuing, as his life were many liues,  
Oft times from death it seemes that he reuiues:  
Each hower in great attempts he seemes to die,  
Yet still he liues in spight of reopardie.

166

Euen by that town o're which his Lord did weepe,  
Whose precious tears were shed for her own sinne,  
Euen by that towne this zealous Lord did weepe,  
To see her now defil'd with others sinne,  
He wept, he weepes for sinne, and he for sinne,  
He first shed teares, he lastly sheddeth teares,  
Those sacred drops, the others drops endeares.

167

What prince was found within the Christian host  
That carried marke of honor in his shield,  
That with braue *Roberts* Lyons once durst boast,  
Raging with furie in the bloody field,  
VVhose mighty pawes a pillar seem'd to weild:  
Which frō their nostrhils breath'd a seeming flame,  
VVhen he in pride amongst the Pagans came.

His

## OF NORMANDY.

168

His life with blood how dearely did he prize,  
And neuer did he brandish his bright sword,  
But many Pagan soules did sacrifice,  
And all the ground with liuelesse truncks he stor'd,  
Such was his loue vnto his dearest Lord;  
That were true loue more purer then is loue,  
Here in this loue his purenes he might proue,

169

VWho from his furie latelie fled away,  
VWhen in the field far off they him espied,  
Pursu'd in his faire presence make a stay,  
As of his hand they willing would haue died,  
His beautie, so his feircenes mollified;  
As taking death by valiant *Roberts* name,  
Should to their liues giue euerlasting fame.

170

The cruell Panymys thirsting after blood,  
VWith his sweet beauty doe their hates aslake,  
Yet when by him in danger they haue stood,  
And that his valour did their rage awake,  
And with their swords reuenge wold deeply take  
The edges turne as seeming to relent,  
To pittie him, to whom the blowes were sent.

As



## ROBERT, DVKE

171

At feirce assaults where thousand deaths might fall,  
His cheerfull smiles made death he could not kill,  
Imperiously his sword commands the wall,  
As stones should be obedient to his will,  
The yeelding blood, his blood did neuer spill:  
His fury quencht with teares as with a flood,  
And yet like fire consuming all that stood.

172

When in the morne his Courser he bestrid,  
The trumpets sound vnto his thoughts gaue fire,  
But from the field he euer dropping rid  
As he were vanquish't onely in retire,  
The neerer rest, farther from his desire:  
In bootie still, his Souldiers share the crowns,  
They rich in gold, he onely rich in wounds,

173

At his returne now in this sad retreat,  
From heathens slaughter, from the Christians fled,  
This is not he which in that raging heate,  
On mighty heapes laid Pagan bodies dead,  
Whose plumed helme empaled in his head;  
Mild as some Nymphlike virgin now he seem'd,  
VWhich some in fight a fearefull spirit deem'd.

No

## OF NORMANDY.

174

No tryumphs doe his victories adorne,  
But in his death who on the Crosse had died,  
No lawrell nor victorious wreath is worne,  
But that red Crosse to tell him crucified,  
This death, his life, this pouertie, his pride:  
His feast is fast, his pleasure pennaunce is,  
His wishes prayers, his hope is all his blisse.

175

Great Caluary whose hollow vaulted womb,  
In his deere Sauours death asunder riuen,  
That rock-rent Caue, that man-god burying tomb  
VVhich was vnto his blessed body giuen,  
VVhose yeelding Ghost did shake the power of  
Here as a Hermit could he euer liue, (heauen:  
Such wondrous thoughts vnto his soule they giue.

176

Thus a poore Pilgrim he returnes againe,  
His sumptuous robes be turn'd to Palmers gray,  
Leauing his Lords to lead his warlick traine,  
Whilst he alone comes sadly on the way,  
Dealing abroad his deare bloods purchas'd pray:  
A hermits staffe his carefull hand doth hold,  
VVhose charged Launce the heathen foe controld.  
Most

## ROBERT, DYKE

177

Most louing zeale, borne of more zealous loue,  
Cares holy care, faiths might, ioyes food, hopes kay,  
The groundwork worlds bewitching cannot moue  
Of true desires the neuer failing stay,

The cheerfull light of heauens ne're-ending day:  
Vertue which in thy selfe most vertuous art,  
The fairest gyft of the most fairest part.

178

But now to end this long continued strife,  
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place,  
Thy hate began and ended with his life,  
His spirit by thee can suffer no disgrace,

Now in mine armes his vertues I embrace :  
His body thine, his crosses witnes be,  
His mind is mine, and from thy power is free.

179

Thou gau'st vp rule, when he gaue vp his breath,  
And at his end, then did I first begin,  
Thy hate was buried in his timelesse death,  
Thou going out, first did I enter in,

Thou loosing him, thy losse then did I win :  
And when the Fates did vp their right resigne,  
Thy right, his wrong, thy hate, his hap was mine.

To

## OF NORMANDY.

180

To the vnworthie world then get thee back,  
Stuft with deccits and fawning flatteries,  
There by thy power bring all things vnto wrack,  
And fill the times with fearefull Tragedies :

And since thy ioy consists in miseries,  
Heare his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,  
May giue thee sight, which art as blind as hee.

181

AT her great words whilst they in silence stand,  
Poore haplesse *Robert* now remembring him,  
Holding one bloody eye in his pale hand,  
VVith countenance all dead, and gastly grim,  
As in a feauer shaking euery lim ;  
Euen with a pitteous lamentable grone,  
Vailing his head, thus breakes into his mone.

182

Poore teare, dim'd taper which hast lost thy brother  
And thus art left to twinkle here alone,  
Ah might'st thou not haue perrisht with the other,  
And both together to your set haue gone,

You both were one, one wanting, thou not one,  
Poore twins which like true friends one watch did  
Why seuer'd thus y so you shold not sleepe. (keepe,  
And



## ROBERT, DUKE

183

And thou pore eye, oh why shouldst thou haue light,  
The others blackeclipse thus soone to see,  
And yet thy fellow be depriv'd of sight,  
For thy sad teares the while to pittie thee,  
Equall your griefes, your haps vnequall be:  
Take thou his darknes, and thy sorrow hide,  
Or he thy light, his griefe so well espied.

184

Let that small drop out of thy iuicie ball,  
Canded like gum vpon the moist'ned thridd,  
There still be fixed that it neuer fall,  
But as a signe hang on thine eyes staine lid,  
A witnes there what inward griefe is hid:  
Like burning glasses fired by the Sunne,  
Light all mens eyes to see what there is done.

185

Now like to conduits draw my body drie,  
By which is made the entrance to my blood,  
Streame-gushing fluces plac'd in eyther eye,  
VVhich shalbe fed by this continuall flood,  
Whirlpooles of tears where pleasures citty stood  
Deuouring gulfes within a vastie land,  
Or like the dead Sea, euer hatefull stand.

VVhere

## OF NORMANDY.

186

Where stood the watch-towers of my cheerful face,  
Like Vestall Lamps lighted with holy flame,  
Is now a dungeon and a lothed place,  
The darksome prison of my hatefull shame,  
That they themselves doe most abhor the same:  
Through whose foule grates, grieve full of miserie,  
Still begging vengeance, ceaseth not to crie.

187

VWith dire-full seales, death hath shut vp the dores,  
VWhere he hath taken vp his dreadfull Inne,  
In bloody letters shewing those fell sores,  
That now doe raigne, wher ioy & mirth haue beene,  
This mortal plague the iust scourge of their sinne:  
From whose contagion comfort quite is fled,  
And they themselves, in their selues buried.

188

Poore tears, sith eyes your small drops cannot see,  
And since the Fountains cease of my full eyes,  
Teares get you eyes and help to pittie mee,  
And water them which timelesse sorrow dries,  
Teares giue me teares, lend eyes vnto my eyes:  
So may the blind yet make the blind to see,  
Else no help is to them, nor hope to mee,

Body

## ROBERT, DUKE

189

Body and eyes vsurping others right,  
Both altring vse contrarie vnto kind,  
That eyes to eyes those dark which shold giue light  
The blind both guide, & guided by the blind,  
Yet both must be directed by the mind :  
Yet that which both their trustie guide should be,  
Blinded with care, like them can nothing see.

190

The day abhors thee, and from thee doth flie,  
Night followes after, yet behind doth stay,  
This neuer comes, though it be euer nie,  
This ere it comes is vanished away,  
Nor night, nor day, though euer night and day :  
Yet all is one, still day or euer night.  
No rest in darknes, nor no ioy in light.

191

Whilst light did giue me comfort to my mone,  
Teares found a meane to sound my sorrows deepe,  
But now alas that comfort being gone,  
Tears do want eies which shold giue tears to weepe  
Whence I lost ioy there care I euer keepe :  
What gaue me woe from me doth comfort take,  
Delight a sleepe, now sorrow still must wake.

## OF NORMANDY.

192

I saw my ill, when ill could scarce lie see,  
I saw my good, when I my good scarce knew,  
Now see not ill, when as my ill sees mee,  
Hasting to that which still doth mee pursue,  
VVith my lost eyes, sorrow my state doth view,  
In blindnes loosing hope of all delight,  
And with my blindnes, giue my cares full sight.

193

As man himselfe, so the most hatefull beast,  
The Worme enioyes the ayre as well as wee,  
The little Gnat, or thing that liues the least,  
Of this by nature kindly is made free:  
what thing hath mouth to brethe, but eyes to see?  
Though honor lost, yet might I humbly craue,  
To haue what beasts, or flies, or pore worms haue.

194

Mine eyes hurt not the Sun, nor steale the day,  
Except a candle, they see neuer light,  
These monstrous walls do take that doubt away,  
What? feare you then y they shold harme y night?  
Needles is that, sith tears haue blotted sight.  
I know not then frō whence this hate should rise,  
Except it onely be, that they be eyes.

F

The



## ROBERT, DYKE

195

The man-betraying Basilisk hath eyes,  
Although by sight those eyes be made to kill,  
Though her owne works be made her enemies,  
Though naturally ordained vnto ill,  
Yet in her selfe so iust is nature still:  
How monstrous then am I alone in nature,  
Denide of that she giues the vilest creature?

196

Oh tyrannie more cruell far then death,  
Though death be but the end of tyranie,  
Death lends vs sight whilst she doth giue vs breath,  
Of all the sences that the last doth dye,  
In lyuing death, how miserable am I,  
In life, of this sence me thus to depriue,  
To make the others dye, my selfe aliue.

197

Eyes which with ioy like Sunnes haue risen oft,  
To view that holy Citties glorious Towers,  
And scene the Christian Ensignes raisd aloft,  
Crowning the walls like garlands of rare flowers,  
Now lie you perrisht in your Iuory bowers,  
Nor shal you henceforth boast what you haue been  
But leaue the minde to thinke what you haue seen.  
You

## OF NORMANDY.

198

You, which haue scene faire Palestine restor'd,  
And gorgeous Syon from the Paynims freed,  
The Sepulcher of your most glorious Lord,  
And y<sup>e</sup> faire Mount wher his sweet wounds did bleed  
And with these sights my hungry soule did feed,  
Within you brincks be drown'd in your own blood  
Which oft haue view'd great *Jordans* sacred flood.

199

Rake vp the sparks which nourished your fire,  
VVithin the ashes of consumed eyes,  
Those little brands which kindled youths desire,  
The haples starrs of passed miseries,  
VVander no more within your circling skies;  
Vnder the Globes great compasse euer roule,  
And in my minds great world, now light my soule.

200

Good night sweet Sunns, your lights are cleane put  
Your hollow pits be graues of all your ioy, (out,  
VVith dreadfull darknes compassed about,  
VVherein is cast what murther can destroy,  
That buried there, which did the world annoy,  
Those holy Fanes where vertue hallowed stood,  
Become a place of slaughter and of blood.

F 2

Poure

## ROBERT, DUKE

201

Poure downe your last refreshing euening dew,  
And bathe your selues in fountains of your tears,  
The day no more shall euer breake to you,  
The ioyfull dawne no more at all appears,  
No cheerfull sight your sorrow euer cheers:  
Shut vp your windows ere constraint compell,  
Be-take your selues to nights eternall Cell.

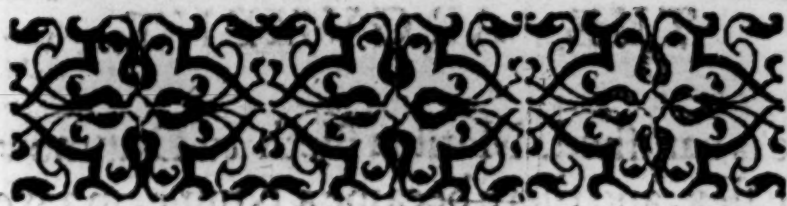
202

**H**IS passion ending, *Fortune* discontent,  
Turning her back as shee away would flie,  
Playing with fooles and babes incontinent,  
As neuer toucht with humane misery,  
Euen after death shewing inconstancy,  
As straight forgetting what she had to tell,  
To other spech and girlish laughter fell.

203

Whē graceful *Fame*, contuaying thence her charge,  
With all these troupes attended royallie,  
Gauc me this booke, wherein was writ at large,  
Great *Norman Roberts* famous history,  
T'amaze the world with his sad Tragedy:  
But *Fortune* angry with her foe therefore,  
Gauc me this gift, That I should still be poore.

FINIS.



\* THE ARGUMENT OF  
*MATILDA.*

(.:.)



**M**ATILDA, for her beauty named the faire ; A second Lucretia : the daughter of a noble Baron, the Lorde Robert Fitzwater, (a man of great wisdom & courage) was long time followed of king Iohn, who sought by all meanes possible to winne her to his vnlawfull desire ; But finding that all hee could deuise tooke no effect, (such was her wonderfull chastitie,) hee sought by force to take her from the Court, and to sende her to some secret place, where hee might fitlie accomplish his wicked intent, but his purpose was preuented by her Fathers pollicie . The King hereat enraged through despight, subborned certaine malicious persons, subtilly to accuse the Lord Fitzwater of rebellion, where-vpon



## THE ARGUMENT.

hee is banished. Matilda flieth to Dunmowe in Essex, and there became a Nunne, in a Religious house there builded, by I V G A, a Virgin, one of her Auncestors; to vvhich place the King sendeth one to solícite his old sute, with poyson, eyther to yeelde to his desire, or to end her life. Shee, seeing her Father banished, none left to succour her, and fearing to be takē out of the Nunnary, tooke the poyson, and ended her dayes.

**The**



# THE LEGEND of *Matilda* the chaste.

I

**I**F to this time some sacred Muse retaine  
Those choise regards by perfect vertue taught,  
And in her chaste and virgin-humble vaine,  
Doth kindlie cherrish one pure Mayden thought,  
In whom my death hath but true pittie wrought,  
By her I craue my life may be reueald,  
Which black obliuion hath too long conceald.

2

Or on the earth, if mercie may be found,  
Or if remorse may touch the harts of men,  
Or eyes may lend me teares to wash my wound,  
Or passion be exprest by mortall pen,  
Yet may I hope of some compassion then:  
Three hundreth yeeres by all men ouer-past,  
Now finding one to pittie mee at last.

You

## MATILDA

3

You blessed Imps of heavenly chastitie,  
You sacred Vestalls, Angels only glorie,  
Right presidents of immortalitie,  
Onely to you I consecrate my storie,  
It shall suffice for mee if you be sorie :  
If you alone shall deigne to grace his verse,  
Which serues for odours to perfume my hearse.

4

Let your delicious heaven-distilling tears,  
Softenthe earth, to send mee from her wombe,  
With Conquerors Lawrel crown my golden hairs,  
With flowry garland beautifie my tombe,  
Be you the Heralds to proclaime mee roome,  
VVith sable Cypresse maske your louely eyes,  
Mourning my death with dolefull Elegies.

5

Faire Rosamond, of all so highly graced,  
Recorded in the lasting booke of Fame,  
And in our Sainted Legendarie placed,  
By him who strives to stellifie her name :  
Yet will some Matrons say, thee was to blame ;  
Though all the world bewitched with his rime,  
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

Lucrece

## THE CHAST.

6

*Lucrece*, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,  
Lately reuiu'd to live another age,  
And here arriu'd to tell of *Tarquins* wrong,  
Her chaste deniall, and the Tyrants rage,  
Acting her passions on our stately stage.  
Shee is remembred, all forgetting mee,  
Yet I, as faire and chaste as ere was shee.

7

*Shores* wife is in her wanton humor sooth'd,  
And modern Poets, still applaud her praise,  
Our famous *Elfreds* wrinckled brows are smooth'd  
Call'd from her graue to see these latter dayes,  
And happy's hee, their glory high't can raise.  
Thus looser wantons still are prais'd of many,  
Vice oft findes friends, but vertue seldom any.

8

O fairest *Charites*, *Ioues* deere delight,  
O lend me now one heauen-enchauunting lay,  
And you rare Nymphs which please *Apollos* sight,  
Bring spreading Palme, and neuer-dying Bay,  
VVith Oliue branches strew the pleasant way:  
And with you viols sound one pleasing straine,  
To ayde his Muse, and raise his humble vaine.

And



# MATILDA

9

And thou ô BETA, soueraigne of his thought,  
Englands *Diana*, let him thinke on thee,  
By thy perfections let his Muse be taught,  
And in his breast so deepe'imprinted be,  
That he may write of sacred chastitie :  
Though not like *Collin* in thy *Bristomart*,  
Yet loues as much, although he wants his Art.

I O

O my dread Soueraigne, rare and princely Maid,  
From whose pure eyes the world deriues her light,  
In Angels roabs with maiestie arayd,  
In whom true vertue is defin'd aright;  
O let these lines be gracious in thy sight,  
In whom alone, as in a perfect glas,  
All may discerne how chast *Matilda* was.

I I

To brag of birth, or noblesse, were but vaine,  
Although I might compare me with the best;  
To challenge that our Auncestors did gaine,  
A royall minde such follie doth detest,  
VWhich I omit, and heere set downe my rest :  
Of vertuous life I meane to boast alone,  
Our birth is theirs, our vertues are our owne.

A

## THE CHAST.

12

A shame to fetch our long discent from Kings,  
And from great *Ioue* deriue our pedigree,  
The braue atchiuements of a hundred things,  
Breathing vaine boasts, the world to terrifie,  
If we our selues doe blot with infamie,  
And staine that blood & honor which is theirs,  
Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heysr.

13

The Heauen became a Midwife at my birth,  
A kinde *Lucina*, gentlie helping Nature :  
Some sacred power then present on the earth,  
Fore-telling rare perfection in a creature,  
As all men iudg'd by so diuine a feature :  
Yet as my beautie seem'd to rauish all,  
Vertue made beautie more angelicall.

14

Vpon my brow, sate Honor in her pride,  
Tables containing heauens diuineſt law,  
VVhose ſnowie margent quoted on each ſide,  
With ſuch delights as all mens harts could draw,  
My thoughts (as Tutors) kept mine eyes in awe,  
Frō their rare ſun-beams darting forth ſuch raies,  
As wel ſy work might ſhew the Artſ-mans praiſe.  
Theſe

## MATILDA

I 5

These Cherubins, the Tree of life doe keepe,  
These Dragons, watch the faire *Hesperian* fruite,  
These fiery Serpents, garde the golden Sheepe,  
These fixed starrs, their rayes like lightning shute,  
At whose approch, the wise were stricken mute.  
These eyes, w<sup>h</sup> only could true vertues measure,  
Ordain'd by Nature to preserue her treasure.

I 6

My words were gracefull, pleasing to the wise,  
My speech retayning modest decencie,  
Not fondlie vaine, nor foolishly precise,  
But sweetly tun'd, with such a simphony,  
Moouing all hearers with the harmonic,  
Gracing my tale with such an Emphasis,  
As neuer musick could delight like this.

I 7

My face the sunne, adorning beauties sky,  
The booke where heauen her wonders did enrole,  
A stately Pharos to each wandring eye,  
And like a Syren could enchaunt the soule,  
Which had the power the proudest to controule.  
To whom this gift my Maker had assigned,  
That there all eyes like Southsayers, diuined.

Natures

## THE CHAST.

18

Natures faire Ensigne royallie displai'd,  
Map of Elisium, Eden without night,  
Ermins, wherein rich *Phæbus* is arrai'd,  
Right prospectiue, reflecting heauenlie light,  
Hart-wounding arrow, pearcing with the sight.  
Bright mornings lustre, *Ioues* high exaltation,  
Load-starre of loue, rare Card of admiration.

19

True type of honor, fine delicious varry,  
The richest coate that euer beauty bare,  
Pure colours, which the heauens doe onely carry,  
O vncouth blazon, so exceeding rare,  
O curious lymming, passing all compare,  
First at my birth assigned vnto mee,  
By that great King of heauenly Heraldry.

20

From hence my praise began to proue her wing,  
VWhich to the heauen could carry vp my fame,  
Of all my glory now began the spring,  
Through euery Coast this still enlarg'd my name,  
From hence the cause of all my sorrowes came:  
Thus to this Hydra are we subiect still,  
Who dares to speake, not caring good or ill.

This



## MATILDA

21

This iealous Monster hath a thousand eyes,  
Her ayrie bodie hath as many wings,  
Now on the earth, then vp to heauen shee flies,  
And here, and there, with euery wind she flings,  
From euerie Coast her rumors forth she brings;  
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,  
And apt to credit euery thing shee heareth.

22

Foule blabbing tel-tale, secrets soone bewrayer,  
Thou ayre-bred Eccho, whisperer of lyes:  
Shril-sounding trumpet, Truths vnkind betrayer,  
False larum-bel, awaking dead mens eyes,  
Vncertaine rumor, wandring in the skyes:  
Fond prating Parrat, telling all thou hearest,  
Oft furthest of when as thou shold'st be neereft.

23

The Princes eares are open to report,  
Ther's skill in blazing beautie to a King;  
To censure, is the subiect of the Court,  
From thence Fame carries, thether Fame doth bring,  
There, to each word a thousand Ecchos ring:  
A Lottery, where most loose, but few do win,  
Few loue Religion, manie follow sin.

Loe

## THE CHAST.

24

Loe, here at first my beautie plaid her prize,  
Here where my vertues seldom prized be;  
Yet that which most seem'd wondred of the wise,  
Confin'd by vertue, cleerlie made mee see  
VVhat dangers were attending still on mee :  
Which most desir'd, for why esteem'd most rare,  
Guarded I kept with most especiall care.

25

Thys, whole posselt the thoughts of princely Iohn,  
This, on his hart-strings Angels musick made,  
This, was the subiect which he wrought vpon,  
That deepe impression which could neuer fade,  
Reason which might sufficiently perswade,  
Hence sprong that grieffe, w<sup>e</sup> neuer gaue him rest,  
This was the spirit wher-with he was posselt.

26

This, had commission to commaund his crowne,  
In all his course, conducted by this star,  
This, with a smile could cleere each cloudy frown,  
This, conquered him, which conquered al in war,  
This, calm'd his thoughts in many a bloody iar:  
This, taught his eyes their due attendance still,  
This, held the raines which rul'd his princely wil.  
Controu-

## MATILDA

27

Controuling Loue, proud Fortunes busie Factor,  
The gaule of wit, sad Melancholies schoole,  
Hart-killing corsue, golden times detractor,  
Life-fretting Canker, mischiefes poysoned toole,  
The Ideots Idoll, but the wisemans foole:  
A foe to friendship, enemy to truth,  
The wrong misleader of our pleasing youth.

28

**M**Y vertuous Father, famous then in Court,  
Who liu'd in pompe, & Lorded with the best,  
Whose mind was trobled with this strange report,  
As one enshrining honor in his brest,  
And as a man who euer lou'd mee best,  
Forefaw the danger by such secret spyes,  
VVho still attended on the Princes eyes.

29

And he, who in the Kings own bosome slept,  
Experience taught his deepest thoughts to sound,  
Yet in his brest, the same he secret kept,  
Nor would disclose the thing which he had found,  
VVho being hurt, must needs conceale the wound.  
For why, he knew it was a dangerous thing,  
In rule, or loue, but once to crosse a King.

And

## THE CHAST.

302

And finding lust had kindled all this fire,  
And his affection in extremes consisted,  
He greatly fear'd his youthfull vaine desire;  
Might grow impatient, being once resisted:  
Yet in his humor, such he still persisted,  
VVith me his child, thought fittest to perswade,  
Ere further he into the deepe durst wade.

312

Sweet gyrl (quoth he) the glory of my life,  
The blessed and sole object of mine eyes,  
For whom the Heauens with Nature fell at strife,  
On whom the hope of all my fortune lies,  
Whose youth, my age with comfort still supplies,  
Whose very sight, my drooping hart doth raise,  
And doth prolong thy aged fathers dayes.

322

Thou seest, a world vpon thy youth awaite,  
That Paradise, where all delights do growe,  
Thy peerlesse Beaurie made so faire a baite,  
The Bursle where Nature sets her ware to show,  
Where blushing Roses, sleep in beds of snow, (gold;  
The heauens haue fring'd thy fore-head with their  
That glasse wher heauē her-selfe may wel behold.

G.

All



## MATILDA

33

All gaze at Comets, choysest things be best,  
The rarest pearles are euer dearest prized,  
Seldom wants guests, where Beautie bids the feast,  
Mens eyes with wonders neuer are suffised,  
At fairest signes, best welcome is surmised.

The shrine of Loue, doth seldom offrings want,  
Nor with such counsell, Clyents neuer scant,

34

Honor is grounded on the tickle Ice,  
The purest Lawne, most apt for euery spot,  
The path to hell, doth seeme a paradise,  
Vices be noted, vertues oft forgot,  
Thy fame once foild, incurable the blot.

Thy name defac'd, if toucht with any staine,  
And once supplanted, neuer growes againe.

35

The Lechers tongue is neuer voyd of guile,  
Nor Crocodile wants teares to win his pray,  
The subtil'st Temptor hath the sweetest stile,  
VVith rarest musick Syrens soon'st betray  
Affection, will like fire himselfe bewray.

Time offers still each hower to do amisse,  
And greatest dangers, promise greatest blisse.

Deceit

## THE CHAST.

36

Deceit, still with a thousand sleights is fraught,  
Art, hath a world of secrets in her power,  
Who hopes a Conquest, leaues no means vnought,  
Soft golden drops once peirc'd the brazen tower,  
Care and Suspition is faire Beauties dower.

Guile, (like a Traytor) euer goes disguis'd,  
Lust, oft is fild, but neuer is suffic'd.

37

This wanton Prince, whose soule doth swim in vice,  
VVhose lawlesse youth time neuer hath restrained,  
He leaues no meanes vnpro'd, which may entice,  
The rytes of wedlock wantonly profained;  
His hands with blood of innocents distained.

This Lyon, would thy chastity deuoure,  
VVhich kept by Vertue, lyes not in his power.

38

Laciuius will, the senses doth abuse,  
Birth is no shaddow vnto tyranny,  
No scepter serues dishonor to excuse,  
Nor kinglie vaile can couer villanie,  
Fame is not subiect to authoritie.

No plaister heales a deadly poysoned sore,  
No secret hid, where slaunder keeps the dore.

## MATILDA

39

No subtile plea reuokes dishonors error,  
No law can quite, where Fame is once endited,  
No armour prooffe, against the conscience terror,  
Gainst open shame, no Text can well be cyted,  
The blow once giuen, cannot be cuted.  
If once the fire be to the powder got,  
Tis then too late to seeke to flie the shot.

40

His youthfull loue, is like a sudden fire,  
VVhose heate extreame, of force decay it must,  
The cause, proceeding from his lewd desire,  
Is quickly out, and sooner turn'd to dust,  
Yet frêts the life, as iron frêts with rust.  
Sinne in a chaine, leads on her sister Shame,  
And both in Giues, fast fettered to Defame.

41

The stately Eagle on his pitch doth stand,  
And from the maine the fearfull soule doth smite,  
Yet scornes to touch it lying on the land,  
VVhen he hath felt the sweet of his delite,  
But leaues the same a pray to euery Kite.  
With much we surfet, plenty makes vs poore,  
The wretched Indian spurns the golden Ore.  
Kings

## THE CHAST.

42

Kings vse their Loues, as garments they haue worne  
VVeake stomacks loath, if once but fully fed,  
The Saint once stolne, who doth the shrine adorne?  
Or what is Nectar if it once be shed?  
What Princes wealth can prize thy Maiden-head?  
Which should be held as precious as thy breath,  
VVhich once dissolu'd of force ensueth death.

43

Loe, here he makes a period with his teares,  
Which from his eyes now make a sudden breach,  
By which the weight of all his speech appears,  
In words so graue as seemed still to preach,  
This *Idioma* with such power doth teach.  
VVhose tuned cadence doth such rules impart,  
As deeply fixt each sentence in my hart.

44

O sacred counsell, true hart-suppling balme,  
Soule-curing plaster, time preserving blisse,  
VVater of life, in euery suddaine qualme,  
The heauens rich store-house, where all treasure is,  
True guide, by whom foule Errors den we misse.  
Night-burning Beacon, watch against mishaps,  
Fore-fight, auoyding many after claps.

G 3

The



## MATILDA

45

The King deluded in his loue the while,  
His soule tormented in this quenchlesse fire,  
VVith flattering hope his senses doth beguile,  
Quickning the coales vnto his fond desire;  
Affection growne too head-strong to retire,  
Controls his silence, hating to be mute,  
And still doth vrge him to commence his sute.

46

Thus carried on by his vnbridled thought,  
He leaues no baite vnprovd that might allure,  
Deceit, a schoole of common sleights hath taught,  
Desire, hath philters which desires procure,  
Lust, puts the most vnlawfull things in vre:  
Nor yet in limmets euer could be bounded,  
Till he himselfe, himselfe haue quite confounded.

47

But still perceiuing all deuises faile,  
His traines in Court yet neuer tooke effect,  
Now with his tongue determin'd to assaile,  
And to this end doth all his thoughts direct,  
Too much abused by his vaine suspect:  
To further daies, no longer would be posted,  
But finding time, me brauely thus accosted.  
Goddesse

## THE CHAST.

48

**G**Oddeffe, quoth he, when Nature thee engrayned,  
With colours fetcht frō heauens eternall spring,  
Little thought she, herselfe she could haue stayned.  
Or grac'd the world with so diuine a thing.  
But as a gyft to gratifie a King,  
Seal'd thee this Charter, dated at thy birth,  
To be the fair'st that euer liu'd on earth.

49

Locke not thy treasure, heauen doth giue the store,  
A thousand Graces at thine eyes are fed,  
Thy bosome, is the Angels secret dore,  
Thy breast, the pillowes of faire *Venus* bed:  
Regards of honour on thy browes are red. (feast,  
Thy cheeks, the banquet where sweet Loue doth  
The royall Pawne of Beauties interest.

50

Thy lips, y Bath where sorrows wounds are healed,  
V Where Abstinence keeps Vertue in a diet,  
And in thy wit, all wonders are reuealed,  
VVisedom growne welthy, liueth there at quiet:  
Thy modest eye controles Loues wanton ryot,  
Thine eye, that planet clearer then the seauen,  
Whose radiant splédour lights y world to heauen.  
From

## MATILDA

51

Frō thy sweet looks such streams of lightning glide,  
As through the eyes do wound the very hart,  
Killing, and curing, as they are applide,  
Hurting, and healing, like *Achilles* Dart :  
Which to the world do heavenly things impart.  
And thou alone, the spirit of all delight,  
Which like the sun, joy'st all things with thy light.

52

Could heauen allowe wher-with to lim thee forth,  
Or earth afford things of esteeme to praise thee;  
Vere words sufficient to expresse thy worth,  
Or could inuention to thy glory raise thee,  
Could Art deuise a waight wherby to peize thee:  
But thy surpassing excellence is such,  
As eyes may gaze, but nothing els can touch.

53

Hee is thy King, who is becom thy subiect,  
Thy soueraigne Lord, who onely seekes thy loue,  
Thy beauty is his eyes commending object,  
Who for thy sake, a thousand deaths would proue:  
Sweet Maid let prayers some compassion moue.  
Let VVolues, & Beares, be cruell in their kinds,  
But women meeke, and haue relenting minds.

Loue

## THE CHAST.

54

Loue forc'd the Gods, to things for Gods vnmeet,  
Behold a Monarch kneeling to a maide,  
*Apollo*, prostrate at his *Daphnes* feete,  
Great *Atlas* bowes, on whom the heauen is staide;  
Thy *Ioue* his Scepter on thy lap hath laide,  
Thou in his throne doest sit as Chancellor,  
And he become thy daylie Orator.

55

Looke on these browes, the perfect Map of care,  
The truest mitrout of my miserie,  
In wrinkled lines where sorrowes written are,  
VWhere Time still reades on Loues Anotomy,  
My bloodlesse vaines with greefes Phlebotomy:  
A stanchlesse hart, dead-wounded, euer bleeding,  
On who that nere-fild vulture Loue sits feeding.

56

Pitty this soule-euaporating smoke,  
The purest incense of most perfect zeale, (spoke,  
These deep-fetcht sighes, confounding words halfe  
VWhere swoln-ey'd passion doth her selfe reueale:  
That ragefull fier, no reason can conceale.  
VWhere torments last, & ioyes are still diluded,  
VWhere all infernall torture is included.

Behold,



## MATILDA

57

Behold, the brim-full Cesterns of these eyes,  
VVith surging Tydes of brackist teares frequented,  
VWhere foodlesse Hope, still hunger-staruē lies,  
In burning Pooles eternally tormented:  
VWhich to betray, my hart at first consented.  
VWhere as the spirit of woe, hath euer being,  
Blinded in teares, yet in teares only seeing.

58

Shyne thou, like *Cynthia* vnder mine estate,  
Thy tresses deckt with *Ariadnes* Crowne,  
In pompe redubling costly *Iunos* rate,  
And cloud the world in sable with a frowne:  
Aduance thy friends, & throw the mighty downe.  
Be thou admir'd through all this famous Ile,  
Thy name enrol'd with neuer-dated stile.

59

Great troupes of Ladies shall attend my Gerle,  
Thou on thy braue tryumphing Chariot borne,  
Thy drinke shall be dissolued orient Pearle,  
Thy princely Cup of rarest Vnicorne:  
Then liue at ease, and laugh the world to scorne.  
And if our musick cannot like thine eares,  
Thy *Ioue* shall fetch thee musick from the Spheres.  
Thy

## THE CHAST.

60

Thy name, as my Empreza will I beare,  
My well tun'd rymes, shall glory in thy praise,  
Vpon my Crowne, thy fauors will I weare,  
Figuring thy loue a thousand sundry wayes,  
My power shall be thy shield at all assayes.  
And thou my Saint, Kings offering to thy Shrine.  
Wondring thy beaurie, as a thing diuine.

61

What if my Queene, DetraCTOR of our blisse,  
Thee by her hundreth-eyed Heardsmā keepe,  
Ile bring to passe, she shall her purpose misse,  
My *Mercurie* shall lull him till he sleepe;  
Loue euer laughs, when I clousie dooth weepe.  
My prouidence, shall keepe her stomack vnder,  
She may raise storms, but I one doth rule y<sup>e</sup> thunder

62

Thus hauing broke the Ice frō whence might spring  
Sweet streames of loue in calme and fairer time,  
And afterward, might ioyfull tydings bring,  
The staire begun by which he thought to clyme,  
Hoping due howres, now he had sed the chyme;  
Leaues me, not knowing now w<sup>h</sup> way to turne me  
Warm'd with y<sup>e</sup> fire, w<sup>h</sup> vnawars might burne me.  
Forth-

## MATILDA

57

Behold, the brim-full Cesterns of these eyes,  
VVith surging Tydes of brackist teares frequented,  
VWhere foodlesse Hope, still hunger-staruē lies,  
In burning Pooles eternally tormented:  
VWhich to betray, my hart at first consented.  
VWhere as the spirit of woe, hath euer being,  
Blinded in teares, yet in teares only seeing.

58

Shyne thou, like *Cynthia* vnder mine estate,  
Thy tresses deckt with *Ariadnes* Crowne,  
In pompe redubling costly *Iunos* rate,  
And cloud the world in sable with a frowne:  
Aduance thy friends, & throw the mighty downe.  
Be thou admir'd through all this famous Ile,  
Thy name enrol'd with neuer-dated stile.

59

Great troupes of Ladies shall attend my Gerle,  
Thou on thy braue tryumphing Chariot borne,  
Thy drinke shall be dissolued orient Pearle,  
Thy princely Cup of rarest Vnicorne:  
Then liue at ease, and laugh the world to scorne.  
And if our musick cannot like thine eares,  
Thy *Ioue* shall fetch thee musick from the Spheres.  
Thy

## THE CHAST.

60

Thy name, as my Empreza will I beare,  
My well tun'd rymes, shall glory in thy praise,  
Vpon my Crowne, thy fauors will I weare,  
Figuring thy lone a thousand sundry wayes,  
My power shall be thy shield at all assayes.  
And thou my Saint, Kings offering to thy shrine.  
Wondring thy beautie, as a thing diuine.

61

What if my Queene, Detractor of our blisse,  
Thee by her hundreth-eyed Heardsmā keepe,  
He bring to passe, she shall her purpose misse,  
My *Mercurie* shall lull him till he sleepe;  
Loue euer laughs, when I clousie dooth weepe.  
My prouidence, shall keepe her stomack vnder,  
She may raise storms, but *Ioue* doth rule y<sup>e</sup> thunder

62

Thus hauing broke the Ice frō whence might spring  
Sweet streames of loue in calme and fairer time,  
And afterward, might ioyfull tydings bring,  
The staire begun by which he thought to clyme,  
Hoping due howres, now he had sed the chyme;  
Leaues me, not knowing now w<sup>h</sup> way to turne me  
Warm'd with y<sup>e</sup> fire, w<sup>h</sup> vnawars might burne me.  
Forth-



## MATILDA

63.

Forth-with began strange factions in my thought,  
And in my soule a sudden mutinie,  
Feare and Desire, a doubtfull combat fought,  
The tytle stands vpon extremitie:  
My force was great, and strong mineemie;  
Till Resolution, seeing all begun,  
Sent Succors in, by whom the field was won.

64

As thus mine honour in the Ballance hung,  
Betwixt the worlds preferment and my fame,  
This in mine eares, like Syrens sweetly sung,  
That wisely still fore-warned me of shame:  
Till Grace diuine from highest heauen came.  
Now must I loose the prize, or win the Crown,  
Till Vertue (currant) lastly way'd me down.

65

The time is come I must receiue my tryall,  
His protestations subtilly accuse me,  
My Chastitie sticks still to her deniall,  
His promises false witnes do abuse me,  
My Conscience cald, yet cleerly doth excuse me.  
And those pure thoughts, enshrined in my brest,  
By verdict quit me, being on the Quest.

And

## THE CHAST.

66

And Wisdom now fore-warned me of treason,  
That in the Court, I liu'd a Lyons pray,  
My tender youth in this contagious season,  
Still fear'd infection, following day by day:  
My Barck vnsafe on this tempestious Sea.  
My Chastity in danger euery hower,  
No succour neer to shroud me from the shower.

67

VWhat should I say? nay what should saying do?  
Could wit say more then euer wit hath said?  
My hopes say yea; but Fortune still sayes no,  
And thus my state is by the starres betrai'd,  
Such waight the heauens vpon my birth haue laid,  
Yet Vertue neder her own Vertue looseth,  
Thogh gainst her course y heauē it selfe opposeth.

68

VWith Resolution, hap what might be-tide,  
I leaue the Court, the Spring of all my woe.  
That Court, which gloried in my Beauties pride,  
That Beauty, which my Fortune made my foe,  
To Baynards-Castell secretly I goe.  
VWhere, with his trayne, my noble Father lay,  
VWhose gracious counsell was my onely stay.  
There,

## MATILDA

69

There, might my thoughts keepe holy-day a while,  
And sing a farewell to my sorrowes past,  
With all delights I might the time beguile,  
Attayn'd my wished libertie at last,  
No fearfull vision made me now agast.

But like a Bird escapt her Keepers charge,  
Glides through y<sup>e</sup> aire with wings display'd at large.

70

And hoping health thus cured of these qualmes,  
My hart in this fayre harbour rides at ease,  
The tempest past, expecting quiet calmes,  
My Shyp thus floting on these blisfull Seas,  
A sudden storme my Ankor-hold doth raise:  
And from the shore doth hoyle me to the maine,  
Where I (poore soule) my shipwrack must sustaine.

71

And loe, the Autumne of my ioyes approach,  
Whilst yet my Spring began so faire to flourish,  
Black way-ward Winter, sets her storms abroch,  
And kils the sap which all my hopes did nourish.  
Fortune once kind, grows crabbed now & curtish,  
In my straight path, she layes a mighty beame.  
And in my course, she thwarts me with y<sup>e</sup> streame.  
The

## THE CHAST.

72

The King who saw his loue vnkindly crost,  
And by effect the cause had fully found,  
Since he the haruest of his hope had lost,  
Now on reuenge his deepest thoughts doth ground  
Desperate to kill, receiuing his deaths wound.  
In reasons bonds strives but in vaine to hold,  
Head-strong desire, too proud to be controld.

73

Like the braue Courser struggling with the raines,  
His foming mouth controld with Canons check,  
With lofty bounds his skilfull Ryder straines,  
Scorning to yeeld his stately crested neck:  
Nor of the bloody pearcing spurres doth reck,  
The King now warmed in this glorious fire,  
Thus roughly plungeth in his vaine desire.

74

Mischiefe is light, and mounteth ouer-head,  
Rage is of fire which naturally ascends,  
Rashnes of feathers, counsell trapd with lead,  
And where the one begins, the other ends,  
This all extends, the other all intends.  
His will too free to force him vnto ill,  
His wit too slow to countercheck his will.

Hence-



## MATILDA

75

Hence-forth deuising to disperse the Cloude,  
Which euer hung betwixt him and the light:  
His loue not currant, nor to be allow'd;  
Whilst thus my Father held me in his sight,  
Some-thing amisse, his Watch went neuer right.  
Of force he must this Sentinell remoue,  
If he in time would hope to win my loue.

76

In going on, goe back, forward, retire,  
Flie that which followes, follow but to flie,  
Keepe thee far off, now thou approchest nier,  
Stoop to the ground whē mischiefe mounts on hie,  
Fore-sight far off doth daunger soone espie.  
Ah loue, if wounded once with thine own Dart,  
Thou hate, hate loue, transformd by your own art

77

Ten thousand mischiefes now he sets abroch,  
Treasons, inuasions, ciuill mutinie,  
Black ignominie, slaunderous reproch,  
Rebellion, out-rage, vile conspiracie,  
Opening the intralls of all villanie.  
Causing this Lord, thereof to be accused,  
By Traytors, such as he with gyfts abused.

Foule

## THE CHAST.

78

Foule Enuie thou, the partiall Iudge of right,  
Sonne of Deceit, borne of that harlot Hate,  
Nursed in hell, a vile and vglie sprite,  
Feeding on Slaunder, cherrish'd with Debate;  
Neuer contented with thine owne estate;  
Deeming alike the wicked and the good,  
Whose words be gal, whose actions end in blood

79

His seruice done to this vngratefull King,  
His worth, his valure, his gentilitie:  
VVhat good so euer might from vertue spring,  
Or could proceede from true Nobilitie,  
All buried now in darke obscuritie.  
His vertuous life, in doubtfull question brought,  
Which euer-more for fame and honor fought.

80

Thou hatefull Monster, base Ingratitude,  
Soules mortall poyson, deadly-killing wound,  
Deceitfull Serpent, seeking to delude,  
Black lothsome ditch, where all desert is drownd,  
Vile Pestilence, which all things doost confound:  
At first created to none other end,  
But to grieue those who nothing could offend.

H

Such

## MATILDA

81

Such as too well perceiu'd the Kings intent,  
In whom remayn'd yet anie sparke of grace,  
Pyttying a poppe distressed innocent,  
Their safeties still depending on my case,  
These in my wrongs participate a place.  
These, bound in friendship, & allied in blood,  
Fast to my Father in the quarrell stood.

82

But as a Lyon in the wilds of Thrace,  
VVith darts and arrowes gauled at the bay,  
Kills man and beast incountring in the chase,  
And downe on heaps the fearfull Heards doth lay,  
His armed pawes each where doth make his way:  
Thus by his power, the King doth now surprise,  
Such as in Arms resist his tyrannies.

83

Oh strange strange loue, yet stop thy head-strong  
Ere y be quite transported into hate: (course;  
Too violent thus spurr'd thou on thy force,  
To come vnto thy fearfull ruin'd date;  
Let not thy frailtie yet fore-tell thy fate:  
That loue with loue, should fall to ciuill wars,  
VVisdom, a star, which rules the angriest starrs.

And

## THE CHAST.

84

And giuen ouer to his vile desire,  
The spectacle of lothsome sinne and shame,  
Our strong-built Castels now hee sets on fire,  
And (like proude Nero) warms him by the flame,  
VVasting themselves, augmenting his defame:  
VVhich like bright Beacons, blaze in euery eye,  
VVarning all others of his tyrannie.

85

Our friends & followers thus are beaten downe,  
VVhom euery slaue and pefant dare reuile,  
And all reputed Traytors to the Crowne,  
Imprisoned some, some forc'd into exile,  
Yet worst of all, (remediless the while),  
My Eather sent a banish'd man to Fraunce,  
And here perforce must leaue me to my chaunce.

86

Be mercifull (sweet Death) and come not thus  
In Banishments black shape, so full of feare,  
In thine owne likenes gently comfort vs,  
As when to wretched men thou doost appeare,  
Looke not vpon vs with sad moody cheere:  
Thou art not pale, grim, fearfull, gaffly, dult,  
But amorous, young, milde, louely, beautifull:

H 2

Thou



## MATILDA

87

Thou goest to grieve, and I must stay to woe,  
Thy absence, bringeth horrors presence still,  
Thou going, staicst, and staying, I doe goe,  
Thou leau'st me, leau'st with me, leau'st me to ill,  
Thy flight, my fight, thy safety me doth kill:  
Thou tak'st my fall with thee, in me forsaking,  
For sake me then, away me with thee taking.

88

O N thyp-bord now, w<sup>h</sup> hands rear'd to the skyes  
(All sigh'd and wept, could sigh nor weepe no  
He turns his sad eclipsed teareful eyes, (more,)  
As retrograde vnto the blessed shore;  
Rich Ile (quoth he) once Garner of my store,  
Taken from me by yonder Tyrants theft,  
And I as poore as ere was *Irus* left.

89

Tis not my wealth, that, I esteeme as light,  
Nor yet my Country, though so deere to mee,  
But thou alone *Matilda*, my delight,  
My life, my soule, all my felicitie,  
Left as a pray, vile Monster vnto thee.  
Yet my laments are wasted all in vaine,  
And to these winds and billows must cōplaine.  
Pitty,

## THE CHAST.

90

Pittie, if in thy drop be-dewed eye  
Thou hast one teare of wonder to let fall,  
That one drop spent, be euer after dry,  
But keepe that one to comfort me withall:  
Sweet honny teare, sweeten my bitter gall;  
But if thine eye, which mine eyes be drawn dry,  
Trans-forme me then, euen all into an eye.

91

But now the Wolfe is got into my fold,  
God help the Lambe that's in the Lyons power;  
Alas poore Maid, thus art thou bought and sold,  
Prepared for the slaughter euery howre,  
This Minataure must all my hopes deuoure.  
Yet forc'd by Fortune to endure this woe,  
And vnreueng'd vnto my graue shall goe.

92

Liue in mee Death, and I in thee will liue,  
Be thou my selfe, and I will still be thee,  
Giue thou to mee, and I to thee will giue,  
And in perpetuall vniou let vs bee:  
Thou I, I thou, one vndeuided wee. (breath,  
Death giue life strength, life, thou to death lend  
Death be my life, and life be thou my death.

H 3

VWith-

## MATILDA

93

VWithin the furrowes of my aged browes,  
My ioyes must theyr vntimelie buriall haue,  
Thys fatall Tombe proud Fortune them allowes,  
VWhich thus with-holds me frō my wished graue,  
The heauens are deafe although I iustly craue,  
My teares with grieve are frozen in mine eyes,  
Yet God, nor man, regards my miseries.

94

Immortall Hate, for pittie sit and weepe,  
And VVoe, for woe seeke from thy selfe to flye,  
Dyre Passion, be thou drown'd in passions deepe,  
And Death, for sorrow, in my sorrows dye,  
Ile be my selfe, if thou wilt not be I:  
In the attire of my pale Image dight thee,  
If shape of my sad griefes doe not affright thee.

95

Thrice famous Romaine; (fortunate to me)  
By whose owne hands thy dearest child was slaine,  
Deliu'ed so from slavish tyrannie,  
But liuing, mine dishonor'd shall remaine,  
Blotting my name with an immortall staine;  
VWhose black reproch, for euer shall endure,  
Ah vile disease, that neuer time can cure.

The

## THE CHAST.

96

The soules departure, giues the body rest,  
My bodies parting, giues my soule new care,  
My soule, of his abode is dispossest,  
My body, endles banisht to despaire,  
My soule and body, soule nor body are:  
My soule with hers, hers killing mine alone,  
My body hers, hers mine, neither our owne.

97

Euen as the kinde sleep-breaking Nightingale,  
(The cruell Merlin ceaz'd her little one)  
Vnto the thickets tells a wofull tale,  
VVearying the woods with her continuall mone,  
This pore bird chirpeth, he pore Lord doth grone.  
Shee weeps all night, by day complaineth hee,  
Shee for her young one, he laments for mee.

98

Looke how a Sea, the tyde once beeing past,  
VWhose surges stroue the Continent to clime,  
And bounding backe vnto the Gulfe at last,  
Vpon the Sands doth leaue a clammy slime,  
Teares in his cheeks, such gutters worne in time,  
VWash'd w the floods of his still-trobled braine,  
His eyes brim full, as furrows after raine.

And



# MATILDA

99

And thus my Father vnawares betray'd,  
A thousand sorrowes mee at once assaile;  
What might I doe, a silly helpelesse Mayde,  
Toft and turmoild in this tempestious gale?  
These boysterous flaws haue brokē down my saile.  
My succours thus (like shadows) now are gone,  
Not one remains to whom to make my mone.

100

Now, like a Roe, before the hounds imbost,  
VWhen ouer-toyl'd his swiftnes doth assake,  
Forsakes the Plaines, to which he trusted most,  
And to the couert doth himselfe betake,  
Where doubling still, creeps on frō brake to brake;  
Thus doe I flie before the Princes face,  
VWho day and night pursues mee still in chase.

101

THE Coast is cleere, suspitious eyes at rest,  
And all things sadge which further his desire:  
Now royall hope keepes reuels in his brest,  
The coales are quick, and Fancie blowes the fire,  
His loue expects his long deserued hire.  
No clowde discern'd to hinder this his sun,  
The watch discharg'd, he hopes y towne is won.

The

## THE CHAST.

102

The Princes armes are stretcht from shore to shore,  
Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men,  
Craft findes a key to open euery doore,  
VVhat might I do, or what auailles me then?  
The silly Lambe liues in the Lyons Den.  
Loues wakeful eyes (too soone alas) discri'd me,  
And found me, wher I surest thought to hide me.

103

My *Ioue*, like *Ioue*, now seekes mee to inuade,  
And roysting comes, in thunder-bolts and raine,  
A Beast, a Bird, a Satyre in the shade,  
A flood, a fire, a Serpent, and a Swaine,  
Camelion-like, as fitt'st my loue to gaine.  
Now like great *Phæbus* in his golden Carre,  
And then like *Mars*, the fearefull God of war.

104

Hee makes the ayre to wooe mee whilst I talke,  
The winde to whistle many a pleasant Dittie,  
The dainty Grasse make musick as I walke,  
The pretty flowers to moue me still to pittie:  
All sencelesse things with reason seeming witty:  
Before mine eyes hee euer doth appeare,  
And if I call, still aunswers, I am heere.

My

## MATILDA

105

My steps are told, my paths by Spyes are noted,  
Mine eyes by Night-spells shut within the watch,  
My words are way'd by ialous loue that doted,  
And at my thoughts, Ill-meaning still doth catch,  
Into my counsells Treason drawes the latch:

And at my gates, Suspicion still doth ward,  
Sorrow my hand-maid, Falshood on my gard.

106

He weeps his words, but words could win no tears,  
The raine doth cease or ere the floods doe rise,  
His wofull words his tongue a while forbears,  
Then doth he his harts arrant with his eyes:  
His eyes eclips'd, he then with sighes supplies.

Sighes faile, w smiles he then bewraies his paine,  
Smiling, he weeps, yet weeping, laughs againe.

107

Looke how the Peacock ruffs his flaunting tayle,  
And struts vnder his mooned Canapie,  
And how he quiuers with his plumed sayle,  
Yet when his Lead-pale leggs he haps to see,  
With shame abates his painted iolitie.

The King, as proude as Peacock in my loue,  
yet droups again whe words nor tears could moue

My

## THE CHAST.

108

My breast, of Flint, a rock impenitrable,  
My hart, that stone which neuer toole could perce,  
My thoughts, a Center, and vnsearchable,  
My words, iudgment, w<sup>ch</sup> law could not reuerse,  
My frownes, such clouds, as no ioy could disperse,  
Tygars are tam'd with patience and with skill,  
All things made subiect, but a womans will.

109

The King like one sick of a strange disease,  
VVhose cruell paine no phisick can assuage,  
Nor plaster can his torments once appease,  
Boyling his entrails with such hellish rage,  
With his owne knife his horror doth engage.  
Thus desperate, he, fore-thinks to end this strife,  
Or els by poyson take away my life.

110

But first, with lines hee brauely setteth on,  
VVords steep'd in syrrop of Ambrosia,  
Sweet method, sauoured with inuention,  
VVhat can be said that Louers cannot say?  
Desire can make a Docter in a day:  
Each sentence seem'd a sweet inchaunting charme,  
A trumpet sounding gentle Loues alarme.  
VVith



# MATILDA

## III

VWith rare hart-curing Phrigian harmonie  
Hee tunes his strings, as not a trebble iarrs,  
His straines so pleasant and melodious be,  
As might appease the heat of fearefull warrs,  
Distilling Balme to cure the greatest scarrs :  
His pen, dilates his harts Apologie,  
And shewes my sinnes, by loues Theologie.

## III 2

VWhat curious thing did Nature ere bring forth,  
VWhat glistering starre that yeelds his siluer shine,  
To which he doth not now compare my worth ?  
Or what is there, thats mortall or diuine,  
VWhat sublimation doth hee not refine ?  
Or what rare thing was euer yet deuised,  
That vnto mee he hath not lightly prized ?

## III 3

Now mounts he vp with loftie straines of loue,  
Then to sad vaines his pliant Muse doth bow,  
His humors seruing, as his passions moue,  
And as the Tydes, the numbers ebbe and flow;  
His hopes now wither, then againe they grow,  
Painting his grieve, in hope to quench desire,  
But inck to loue, like oyle vnto the fire.

## THE CHAST.

### 114

And now, of one hee had himselfe aduis'd,  
Both red and practiz'd in this wretched Art,  
Within whose braine all mischiefes were cōpris'd,  
VVhose words were venom,& his tongue a Dart,  
And thys is hee must act thys damned part.

To him, the King my poysoning doth commit,  
VVho had before made tryall of his wit.

### 115

Another *Dagon* was thys miscreant,  
A deuill, walking in a humane shape,  
Foule *Dagon*, borne true vertue to supplant,  
For whom th' infernall pyt of hell doth gape:  
Image of pride, of villanie, and rape,

Bee thou abhord of all posteritie,  
And let thy vile dishonour neuer die.

### 116

By him to *Dunmow*, hee these lines conuayde,  
A Monestary *Iuga* had begun,  
*Iuga*, sometime a holy Vestall Mayde,  
At whose great charge this Monument was done,  
VVhere I had vow'd to liue a holy Nun,  
And in my Cloister, kept amongst the rest,  
VVhich in this place virginitic profest.

Now

## MATILDA

117

NOVV, he which had this bloody act in charge,  
Thether repairs, with Letters from the King,  
Whose black Commission was but all too large  
To execute so base and vile a thing :  
This messenger, which now my death doth bring,  
To add fit matter to my tragicke storie,  
Finds means to boord mee in my oratoric.

118

VVith courtly congies gently greeting mee,  
Giues me the packet which the King had sent mee,  
Receiue faire Maid, these Letters here (quoth he)  
The faithfull earnest of that good is meant thee,  
But crauing that which neuer shall repent thee.  
His lines be loue, the letters writ in blood,  
Then make no doubt, the warrant passing good.

119

Kindly accept a Princes kingly offer,  
Tis more then folly if thou doe refuse it:  
Neuer hath Fortune made a fairer profer,  
The gyft too great, if fondly thou abuse it,  
Nor any reason setueth to excuse it.  
Be not a foe vnto thine owne good hap,  
Refusing treasure throwne into thy lap.

Eare

## THE CHAST.

I 2 0

Eares, eyes, hands, nostrils, tongue, th' instruments  
To heare, to see, to touch, to smell, to tast,  
Sounds, pleasures, softs, smells, meats, & euery sence,  
Euen as a King, with his delight is plac'd,  
Nature yet neuer framed thing in wast,  
O to her power an horrible offence,  
This prophane vse of froward continence.

I 2 1

If thou be wise, hold this as ominous,  
The heauens not like disposed euery howre,  
The starrs be still predominant in vs,  
Fortune not alwaies forth her bags doth poure,  
Nor euerie clowde doth raine a golden showre.  
Occasion's wing'd, and euer flyeth fast,  
Comming, she smiles, & frowns once being past.

I 2 2

VVrong not thy selfe, nor yet the world deprive,  
Of that rare good which Nature freely lent,  
Think'st thou by such base nygardize to thrine,  
In sparing that which neuer will be spent:  
And that is worst, in age shall thee repent:  
Playing the Churle, to hoord vp beauties pelfe,  
And liue, and die, and all vnto thy selfe.

Yet



## MATILDA

123

Eye on this lyppish lispig fond forsooth,  
Thys chylidish nicenes, and these pettish noes,  
A gracefull smyle, & wrinckling brow doth smooth,  
Pennance and Pleasure, still are mortall foes,  
Let springing youth reioune old ages woes,  
Away with fasting, beggerly deuotion,  
Thys is no way to climbe vnto promotion.

124

Yet, were this all (quoth he) as would it were,  
But there is more, which needs I must reueale,  
Behold the poyson hee hath sent thee here,  
VVhich on my life I dare not to conceale,  
Thus is the King determined to deale:  
I, onely waite vpon thy resolution,  
To win thy loue, or see thy execution.

125

Leaue of these humors, be not singuler,  
Make not an Idoll of thine owne perfection,  
Prize not this word (Virginitie) so deere,  
Seeme not so Saint-like, modu'd w<sup>th</sup> no affection.  
Beautie brings perrill, wanting safe protection.  
Forswear this drouzie mellancholie Cell,  
Was neuer Girle could grace a Court so well.  
Thys

## THE CHAST.

126

This feare first sprong from foolish superstition,  
VVhich fond conceit into our eares hath blowne,  
VVhich we receiue from old folkes by tradition,  
And as a weede to choke our ioyes is growne:  
Reason rootes out what Error erst hath sowne.  
A gentle iest to fright poore babes withall,  
Like to a Bug-bear, painted on a wall.

127

Tush, these be triuiall toyes of reputation,  
VVhose Ceremonies haue the world infected,  
Held in regard but onely for a fashion,  
Which friuolous, the wiser haue neglected:  
And but as Dreames of doting age respected.  
Whose spleen-sick humors on their galls were fed  
Thinking all true which they imagined.

128

Religion was deuise'd by pollicie,  
A subtrill shaddow couering all excesse,  
As Nature giues you seeming modestie,  
To shaddow that, you would too soone expresse,  
O, cunning only is true holines.

Blush, pray, be patient, most of all most chaste,  
Thus by deceit, delights must be imbrac't.

I.

Dispatch,

# MATILDA

129

Dispatch, (quoth he) loe, here is pen and inke,  
Here make the Prince assurance of thy loue,  
Or els prepare thee to thy fatall drinke,  
VVhich is of force thy Feuer to remoue: (proue.  
VVhich (ah pore fondling) thou too soone maist  
And if thy will be so fast chayn'd to thee,  
Let thine own hands the Executioners bee.

130

And is (quoth I) the Princes pleasure thus?  
You are deceiu'd, he doth but this to try me,  
I know my Lord is kind and gracious,  
He thinks my sexe, & weaknes will discry me;  
I hope the King will deale more kindly by me.  
Those blessed hands, which neuer did but good,  
Will not be stain'd with virgins guiltlesse blood.

131

As he doth raigne, his mind should truly raigne  
In one consent their gouernment agree,  
His publick rule his Subiects should restraine,  
Affections, subiect to his mind should be,  
Then absolute is it, absolute he.  
His mind commaunding, kingly by abstaining,  
As his commaund is absolute in rainging.

His

## THE CHAST.

132

His thoughts be pure, as Christall, without spot,  
He is wisdom, honour, valure, chastitie :  
VVhat excellence is there that he is not ?  
Or what may be, by him which cannot be?  
He's Vertues true superlatiue degree.  
From his affections, neuer can proceed,  
One little thought of this so vile a deed.

133

Kings be the Gods Vizgerents here on earth,  
The Gods haue power, Kings frō that power haue  
Kings should excell in vertue as in birth, (might,  
Gods punish wrongs, & kings shold maintain right,  
They be the Suunes from which we borrow light.  
And they as Kings, should still in iustice striue,  
With Gods, from whō their beings they deriue.

134

Empire euen like the Sunne doth draw all eyes,  
And his Eclipse the soonest doth appeare,  
Small vapours seeme great lights drawn to the skies  
Things ouer-head though far, shew euer neare,  
Small staines be great in things shold be most cleare,  
Nothing so soone discern'd by humaine sight,  
As is the cloud which hides the cheerfull light.

I 2

Inrag'd



## MATILDA

135

Inrag'd with this, (in greefes extremitie,)  
Minion, (quoth he,) tis now no time to prate,  
Dispatch, or els Ile drench you presently,  
Of this, nor that, I stand not to debate.  
Expects thou loue where thou reward'st with hate?  
I passe not I, how ere thou like the motion,  
Haue done at once, and quickly take the Potion.

136

**T**His sudden terror makes me pause for breath,  
Till sighing out, at length this sad reply:  
If it be so, welcom to me my death,  
This is the vtmost of extremitie,  
And yet when all is done, I can but die.  
His will be done, sith he will haue it so,  
And welcome Death, the end of all my woe.

137

My loue is his, whilst loue to him is due,  
Allegiance binds that loue, that loue tyes truth,  
Vntrue to him, if to my selfe vntrue,  
Suspect is still a Page that waites on Youth,  
Ensuing that which of it selfe ensu'eth.  
Plasters cure wounds, nothing a wounded name,  
Kings pardon death, but cannot pardon shame.  
And

## THE CHAST.

138

And thou my Deaths-man, slave vnto his lust,  
Th'executioner of his lawlesse will,  
In whom the Tyrant doth repose such trust,  
Detraict no time, his murtherring mind fulfill;  
Doe what thou dar'st, the worst thou canst but kill,  
And tell the Tyrant this when I am dead,  
I loath'd his beastly and adulterous bed.

139

Nor let the King thy Maister euer thinke,  
A vertuous Maid so cowardly and base,  
As to be frighted with a poysoned drinke,  
And liue an abiect in the worlds disgrace:  
All eyes with shame to gaze me in the face.  
That ages which heer-after shall succede,  
Shall hold me hatefull for so vile a dedde.

140

Strange be effects, strange things in loue to proue,  
He would take from me, what he cannot take,  
He loues my hate, and doth but hate my loue,  
And would vnmake what he doth striue to make,  
And thus must loue, be punisht for loues sake.  
And would compell by force, so to be held,  
VWhich is, nor was, nor can be, if compeld.

I 3

To

## MATILDA

141

To make that his, which then cannot be his,  
VVhich if once had, is perisht being had,  
Nor is not then the same that now it is,  
Striuing to get what he to loose is glad,  
VVhen pleasure with extreame excesse is mad.  
Poore in the riches which haue spoiled me,  
I rich in that, in which I poore should be.

142

Is this the greatest gyft he could bestowe?  
Is this the Iewell, wher-with he doth present me?  
I am his friend, what giues he to his foe,  
If this in token of his loue be sent me?  
Remedilesse I am, it must content me.  
Yet afterward, a prouerb this shall proue,  
*The gyft King Iohn bestow'd vpon his Lowe.*

143

Then of this conquest let thy Soueraigne boast,  
And make report with shame what he hath done:  
A thing more easie then subdue an Hoast,  
Or conquer Kingdoms, as his Father wonne;  
O haplesse Sire, of this vnhappy Sonne.  
And he more shame shall carrie to his graue,  
Then Fortune honors to his Father gaue.

Thus

## THE CHAST.

144

Thus spoke my mind, (as women vse to doe,)  
Hoping thereby som-what to ease my hart,  
But words I found, did but increase my woe,  
Augment his rage, not mittigate my smart;  
And now comes in the reckoning ere we part.  
And now my valure must be try'd, or neuer,  
Or famous now, or infamous for euer.

145

Taking the poyson from his deadly hand,  
Vnto the King caroult my latest draught;  
Goe wretch (quoth I) now let him vnderstand,  
He hath obtayn'd what he so long hath sought;  
Though with my blood, my fame I deerly bought.  
And though my youth he basely haue betrayd,  
Yet witnes Heauen, I liu'd and dyed a Mayd.

146

This cup the pen, this poyson is the inke,  
And in this vntoucht table of my brest,  
To him I'll freely write what I doe thinke,  
Where he shall find it feelingly exprest.  
And what I doe omit, tell thou the rest.  
Yet rather then in any thing we'll varie,  
VVe iointly will become one Secretarie.

Then



## MATILDA

147

Then why repine I, sith he thinks it meete,  
He is my Soueraigne, and my life is his,  
Death is not bitter, spyc'd with such a sweet,  
Which leads the way to everlasting blis;  
He's all my ioy, he all my glory is.  
He is the tuch by whom my gold is tryed,  
Onely by him my death is glorified.

148

For could my life, haue given life to me,  
My youths faire flower, yet blooming had not died,  
Then how should this but meritorious be,  
When by my death, my life is sanctified?  
Could euer thing more fitly be applied?  
In this is loue, in this his care I find,  
My Lord is iust, my Lord is only kind.

149

Then let these teares, th'Elixars of my loue,  
Be to his soule a pure preseruatiue,  
And let my prayers be of such force to moue,  
That by my death, my Soueraigne may suruiue:  
And from his raigne, let Fame herselfe deriue  
His glory, like the Sunnies translucent rayes,  
And as the heauen, eternall be his dayes.

And

## THE CHAST.

150

And thou my carefull kind Phisition,  
For phisick now thy patients patient be,  
Appeale to heauen with true contrition,  
And in thy conscience glasse thy foule sinne see,  
To thee I'le be, as thou hast beene to mee.

This potion take, to rid thee from dispaire,  
Euen as thy potion, shall rid me of care,

151

Faith finds free passage to Gods mercy seat,  
Repentance carries heauens eternall kayes,  
The greater sinnes bewept, mercy more great,  
A hartie will makes straight th' offenders wayes,  
Heauen rings for ioy when once a sinner prayes.

Of these sweet simples is my drink compounded,  
VWhich shall cure both our soules, both deeplie  
(wounded.

152

This mortall poyson, now begins to rage,  
And spreads his vigor thorough all my vaines,  
There is no phisick can my greefe aswage,  
Such is the torment which my hart delstraines,  
Boyling my intrales in most hellish paines,  
And Nature weakned of her wonted force,  
Must yeeld to death, which now hath no remorse.

And

## MATILDA

153

And those pure thoughts, which once I choisly fed,  
Now when pale death my senses doth surprize,  
I offer here vpon my dying bed,  
This precious, sweet, perfumed sacrifice:  
Hallowed in my almighty Makers eyes.  
Which from this Alter, lends me heavenly light,  
Guiding my soule amid this darksome night.

154

My glorious life, my spotlesse Chastitie.  
Now at this hower be all the ioyes I haue,  
These be the wings by which my fame shall flye,  
In memorie, these shall my Name engraue;  
These, from obliuion shall mine honour saue.  
VVith Laurell, these my browes shall coronize,  
And make me liue to all posterities.

155

Our fond preferments, are but childrens toyes,  
And as a shadow, all our pleasures passe,  
As yeeres increase, so wayning are our ioyes,  
And beaurie crazed, like a broken glasse:  
A prettie tale of that which neuer was,  
All things decay, yet Vertue shall not dye,  
This onely giues vs immortalitie.

My

## THE CHAST.

156

My soule, thus from her pryson set at large,  
And gently freed from this poluted roome,  
This prize vnladen from this lothsome Barge,  
(Such is the Heauens ineuitable doome: )  
My body layd at *Dunmow* in my Toombe.  
Thus *Baynards-Castle* boasts my blessed birth,  
And *Dunmow* kindly wraps me in her earth.

157

NOW scarcely was my breathlesse body cold,  
But euery where my Tragedy was spred:  
And Fame, abroad in euery Coast had told,  
My resolution, being lately dead:  
The glorious wonder of all women-head.  
And to my Father flies with this report,  
VWho liu'd an Exile in the French-Kings Court.

158

His griefe, too great to be bewail'd with teares,  
VVords insufficient, to expresse his woe,  
His soule assaulted with a thousand feares,  
As many sundry passions come and goe;  
His thoughts, vncertaine, wandring too and free.  
At length, this fearefull extasie ore-past,  
Grones from his soule this passion at the last.



## MATILDA

159

O Heauens (quoth he) why was I borne accurst?  
This onely comfort to mine age was left:  
But to despite me, you haue done your worst,  
And me of all my worldly ioyes bereft:  
I quite vndone by your deceitfull theft.  
This was the Iewell I esteemed most,  
And loosing this, now all my treasures lost.

160

Yee powers Diuine, if you be cleane and chaste,  
In whom alone consists eternitie,  
VVhy suffer you, your owne to be disgras't,  
Subiect to death and black impuritie?  
If in your shield be no securitie?  
If so for Vertue these rewards be due?  
VVho shall adore, or who shall honour you?

161

VVhat ment you, first to giue her vitall breath,  
Or make the world proud by her blessed birth,  
Predestinating this vntimelie death,  
And of her presence to deprive the earth?  
O fruitlesse age, now staru'd with Vertues dearth.  
Or if you long'd to haue her companie,  
O why by poyson would you let her die?

○

## THE CHAST.

162

O Soile, with drops of mercy once bedew'd,  
When iust men were instaule'd in thy throne,  
But now with blood of Innocents imbrew'd,  
Stayning the glory of fayre *Albion*,  
O lustfull Monster, ô accursed *John*.

O heauens, to whom should men for iustice cry,  
When Kings themselues thus raigne by tyrannie?

163

O gyue me wings Reuenge, I will ascend  
And fetch her soule againe, out of their power ;  
From them proceeded this vntimely end,  
VWho tooke her hence before her dying hower  
And rays'd that clowd which rayn'd this bloodie  
And frô the graue Ile dig her body vp, (shower.  
VWhich had her bane by that vile poysoned cup

164

O pardon Heauens these sacriligious words,  
This irreligious open blasphemie :  
My wretched soule no better now affords,  
Such is the passion of mine agonie,  
My desperate case in this extremitie.

You harbour those which euer like you best,  
With blessed Angels let her spirit rest.

No,

## MATILDA

165

No, no, Ile practise by some secret Art,  
How to infect his pure life-breathing ayre,  
Or else Ile sheath my poyniard in his hart,  
Or with strong poyson Ile annoynt his Chayre:  
Or by inchauntment, will his dayes impayre.  
O no, reuenge to God alone belongs,  
And it is he which must reuenge my wrongs.

166

Griefe would'st thou wound a world of humaine  
And yet not furnish'd with artillerie, (harts,  
Of my care-dryed bones then make thee darts,  
And point them with my sorrow poysoned eye,  
Which hitting right shall make euen death to dye.  
That thou thine Ebon bowe shalt neuer drawe,  
But black despaire himselfe shall stand in awe.

167

O heauens, perforce we must attend your time,  
Our succours must awaite vpon you still,  
In your iust waights you ballance euery crime,  
For vs you know what's good, and what is ill;  
VWho vnderstands your deepe and secret skill?  
In you alone our destenies consist,  
Then who is he which can your power resist?

O,

## THE CHAST.

168

O, could my sighes againe but giue thee breath,  
Or were my tears such balme as could restore thee,  
Or could my life redeeme thee from this death,  
Or were my prayers, but inuocations worthy:  
Sighs, tears, life, prayers, were all to little for thee.  
But since the heauen, thus of my child disposeth,  
Ah me, thy Tombe now all my ioyes incloseth.

169

But Death is proud, and scorneth to be Death,  
Her smiling beautie did his heate aswage,  
And is so much enrich'd with her sweet breath,  
As he doth scorne mine o're-worne wrinkled age,  
Though with contempt I moue him still to rage.  
But as thou lou'st her death, for her sweet sake,  
As thou took'st her from me, me to her take.

170

O what a wonder shall thy valure bring?  
VWhat admiration to posteritie?  
VWhat rare examples from thy vertues spring:  
O what a glorie to thy Progenie,  
To be engrau'd in lasting memorie,  
VWhen as applauding Fame in euery Coast,  
Shall thus in honor of *Fitzwaters* boast?  
England,



# MATILDA

171

England, when peace vpon thy shores shall flourish,  
And that pure Maiden sit vpon thy Throne  
VVhich in her bosome shall the Muses nourish,  
Whose glorious fame shall through the world be  
(O blessed Ile, thrice happy *Albion*) (blowne,  
Then let thy Poets in their stately rimes,  
Sing forth her praises to succeeding times.

182

Euen like the roote of some large branched Oake,  
VVhose body by some storme is ouer-borne,  
Euen with such horror be mine entrailes broke,  
As when that roote out of the ground is torne:  
And with such wofull horror let them moume,  
As with y shreeks each liuing thing may wound,  
Euen as the Mandrake torne out of the ground.

183

BY this, the Kings vile bloody rage is past,  
And gentle time his choller dooth digest,  
The fire consumes his substance at the last,  
The grieve asswag'd which did his spirit molest,  
That fiend cast out wherewith he was possesst:  
And now he feesles thys horror in his soule,  
Whē lothsome shame his actions doth cōtroule.  
Black

## THE CHAST.

174

Black hell-bred-humor of reuenging sin,  
By whose inticements, murder we commit,  
The end vnthought of, rashlie we begin,  
Letting our passion ouer-rule our wit,  
Missing the marke which most we ayme to hit:  
Clogging our soules with such a masse of care,  
As casts vs downe oft times to deepe Dispaire.

175

Traytor to Vertue, Reprobate (quoth hee)  
As for a King, no more vsurpe the name:  
Staine to all honox and gentilitie,  
Mark'd in the face with th'yron of Defame:  
The Picture of all infamie and shame:  
Dispis'd of men, abhord in every place,  
Hate to thy selfe, the very worlds disgrace.

176

VWhen all thy race shall be in tryumph set,  
Their royall conquests and atchiuements done,  
Henrie thy Father, braue Plantaginet,  
Thy conquering Brother, Lyon-hart his sonne,  
The crownes & spoiles, these famous Champions  
This still shall be in thy dishonour said, (won  
Loe, this was Iohn, the murderer of a Maid.

K

Looke

# MATILDA

177

Looke I to heauen, her purenes tells my sin,  
Looke I on man, hee frownes with hatefull sight,  
Looke I on earth, I see my fault therein,  
The light to view my shame, doth giue me light,  
The night puts me in mind of my fumes night:  
I read my shame in all things as a booke,  
And yet most grieu'd when on my selfe I looke.

178

This act entold in booke of black Defame,  
Where, men of death & tragick murders reed,  
Recorded in the Register of shame,  
In lines whose letters freshly euer bleed,  
VVhere all the world shall wonder my misdeed;  
And quote the place, (thus eu'') passing by,  
Note heere King Johns vile damned tyranny.

179

Her blood exhal'd from earth vnto the sky,  
A fearfull Meteor still hangs ore my head,  
Stayning the heauens with her Vermilion dye,  
Changing the Sunnes bright rayes to gorie red,  
Prognosticating death and fearfull dread;  
Her soule, with howling, & reuengfull steuen,  
Shreeking before the christall gates of Heauen  
VVhose

## THE CHAST.

1801

VVhose sacred Counsell, now in iudgment set,  
And shee, before them stands to plead her case,  
Her drearie words in bloodie tears are wet,  
The euidence appears before my face,  
And I condemn'd a cause wanting grace;  
Iustice cryes out vpon this sinfull deed,  
And to my death the fatall Starrs proceed.

1811

Earth, swallow me, and hyde me in thy wombe,  
O let my shame in thy deepe Center dwell,  
Wrap vp this murder in my wretched tombe,  
Let tender mercy stop the gates of hell,  
And with sweet drops this furious heat expell:  
O let repentance iust reuenge appeale,  
And let my soule, in torment find some ease.

1821

O, no: her tears are now become a flood,  
And as they rise, increasing mine offence;  
And now the shedding of her guiltlesse blood,  
Euen like a Cankar, gnawes my conscience:  
O, ther's my griefe, my paine proceeds frō thence.  
Yet neuer time wears out this filthy staine,  
And I dishonor'd euer shall remaine.

K.2

Fame



## MATILDA

183

Fame in her death, shame in me tooke her birth,  
That shame in dying, till her fame be dead,  
My sinne on earth, whilst shee is in the earth,  
And by her fall, my fault will still be fed,  
My black more black, my red be made more red,  
Her no, my I, her was, my wicked is,  
Her good, my ill, my basenes be her blisse.

184

Then doe I vow a solemne pylgrimage,  
Before my wretched miserable end;  
This doing, betake me to some Hermitage,  
VVhere I the remnant of my daies will spend,  
VVhere almes and prayer I euer will attend,  
And on the Tombe at last, where thou dost lie,  
VVhen all is done, Ile lay mee downe and die.

185

And for his pennance, lastly he deuise'd,  
Monthly to *Dunmow* would he take his way,  
And in a simple Palmers weede disguis'd,  
VVith deep deuotion kneele him downe to pray:  
Kissing the place whereas my body lay:  
Washing my Tombe with his repentant tears,  
And being wet, yet dry'd it with his hairs.

FINIS.

# THE ARGUMENT OF PEIRS GAVE- STON.



PEIRS Gaueston, borne in Gascoyne, at a place of that name, his Father a valiant Gentleman and a souldiour, serving under Edward Longshanks in his warres, in Fraunce, Scotland, and Wales: This Peirs Gaueston, then being a child of singuler beautie and no lesse towardnesse, was preferred to the place of a Page, to Edward of Carnaruan, the young Prince of Wales: With Whom hee became so highlie in fauour, as neuer any thing could remooue his inuolable loue. Gaueston, as he grew in years, became most licentious, & by his inticements, drew this toward young Prince, (following this his youthfull Minion) into hate with the Noblemen, and disgrace with the King his Father: Who banished this lasciuious corrupter of his Sonne. But after the death of this good King, Edward of Carnaruan comming

## The Argument.

to the Crowne, calls him home, creating him Earle of Cornwall, making him Lord Chamberlaine, Treasurer & Secretarie, Lord Deputie of Ireland, and Lord Protector of the Land, in his absence in Fraunce: giuing him the Isle of M A N, with all Queene Elinors dowrie. Hee thus established by the King, becommeth a hater of the Noble men, drowned in pride and ambition, setting mortall debate betwixt the Barrons and the King, who subborned him in all his actions, as a man bewitched by this wicked and vile man. Hee was twice banished the Realme, by meanes of the Barrons who deadly hated him: and yet still the King founde meanes to restore him. At length, the Barrons seeing no remedy, rise in Armes, taking Gaueston at Scarborough in the North, (thither fled as to a refuge from their furie.) They bring him to Warwicke, where by Guy Beuchamp, the great Earle of Warwicke, he was beheaded at Blacklow hill.

¶ The



THE LEGENDE OF  
*Piers Gaueston.*

*Entituled*  
To the vvorthe and Honourable  
Gentleman, Ma. *Henrie Canendish,*  
Esquire.

I

FROM gloomy shadow of eternall night,  
Where cole-black darknes keeps his lothsome cel,  
And frō those ghosts, whose eyes abhor y light,  
From thence I come, a wofull tale to tell:  
Prepare the Stage, I meane to act my part,  
Sighing the Scenes from my tormented hart.

2

From *Stygian Lake*, to gracelesse soules assign'd,  
And from the flood of burning *Acheron*,  
VWhere sinfull spirits, are by fire refin'd,  
The fearfull ghost of wofull *Gaueston*:  
With black-fac'd Furies frō the graues attended,  
Vntill the tenor of my tale be ended.

Wing-



# PIERS GAVESTON.

3

Wing-footed Fame nowe summons me frō death,  
In Fortunes triumph to aduaunce my glory,  
The blessed Heauens againe doe lend me breath,  
VVhilst I report this dolefull Tragick storie:  
That soule & body, which death once did sunder  
Now meete together, to report a wonder.

4

O purple-buskind *Pallas*, most diuine,  
Let thy bright Fauchion lend me Cypresse bowes,  
Be thou assisting to this Poet of mine,  
And with thy tragick garland girt his browes,  
Pitying my case, when none would hear me weep,  
To tell my cares, hath layd his owne to sleepe.

5

You mournfull Maidens of the sacred nine,  
You Destenies which haunt the shades beneath,  
To you fayre Muses I my plaints resigne,  
To you black spirits I my woes bequeath,  
VVith sable pens of direfull Ebonie,  
To pen the processe of my tragedie.

6

Drawe on the lines which shall report my life,  
VVith weeping words distilling from thy pen  
Where woes abound, and ioyes are passing rife,  
A verie meteor in the eyes of men,  
Wherein the world, a wonder-world may see  
Of heauen-bred ioy, and hell-nurst miserie.

Declare

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

7

Declare my ebb, my often swelling tyde,  
Now tell my calmes, and then report my showres,  
My Winters storms, and then my Sommers pride,  
False Fortunes smiles, then her dissembling lowres,  
The height wherto my glory did ascend,  
Then point the period where my ioyes did end.

8

When famous *Edward* wore the English crowne,  
Victorious *Longshanks*, flower of chivalrie,  
First of his name that reign'd in *Albion*,  
Through worlds renown'd to all posteritie:  
My youth began, and then began my blis,  
Euen in his daies, those blessed daies of his.

9

O daies, no daies, but little worlds of mirth,  
O yeeres, no yeeres, time flyding with a trice:  
O world, no world, a very heauen on earth,  
O earth, no earth, a verie Paradise:  
A King, a man, nay more then this was hee,  
If earthly man, more then a man might be.

I O

Such a one hee was, as Englands *Beta* is,  
Such as shee is, euen such a one was hee,  
Betwixt her rarest excellence and his,  
VVas neuer yet so neere a sympathy,  
To tell your worth, and to giue him his due,  
I say my Soueraigne, hee was like to you.

His

# PEIRS GAVESTON.

## I I

His Court a schoole, where Arts were dailie red,  
And yet a Campe where Armes are exercised,  
Vertue and learning heere were nourished,  
And stratagems by souldiers still deuised :  
Heere skilfull Schoolmen were his Counsailors,  
Schollers his Captains, Captains Senators.

## I 2

Here sprang the roote of true gentilitie,  
Vertue was clad in gold, & crown'd with honor,  
Honor intitled to Nobilitie,  
Admired so of all that looked on her :  
Wisdom, not wealth, possessed wisemens roomes  
Vnsitting base insinuating Groomes.

## I 3

Then were vile worldlings loth'd as filthy toades,  
And good men as rare pearls were richly prized,  
The learned were accounted little Gods,  
The hatefull Atheist, as the plague despised:  
Desert then gaynd, what vertues merit craues,  
And Artles Pefants scornd as basest slaues.

## I 4

Pride was not then, which all things overwhelms,  
Promotion was not purchased with gold,  
Men hew'd their honor out of steeled helms :  
In those daies fame with blood was bought & sold,  
No petti-fogger pol'd the poore for pence,  
These dolts, these dogs, as traytors banisht hence.  
Then

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

15

Then was the Souldier prodigall of blood,  
His deeds eterniz'd by the Poets pen:  
VVho spar'd his life to doe his Countrie good,  
VVhen after death his fame remain'd with men?  
Then learning liu'd with liberalitie,  
And men were crownd with immortalitie.

16

Graunt pardon then vnto my wandring ghost,  
Although I seeme lasciuious in my praise,  
And of perfection though I vainlie boast,  
VVhilst here on earth I troad this wearie maze,  
VVhilst yet my soule in body did abide,  
And whilst my flesh was pampred here in pride.

17

My valiant Father was in *Gascoygne* borne,  
A man at Arms, and matchlesse with his launce,  
A Souldier vow'd, and to King *Edward* sworne,  
VVith whom he seru'd in all his warrs in Fraunce,  
His goods and lands he pawnd & layd to gage,  
To follow him, the wonder of that age.

18

And thus himselfe hee from his home exil'd,  
Who with his sword sought to aduance his fame,  
VVith me his ioy, but then a little chyld,  
Vnto the Court of famous England came,  
Whereas the King, for seruice he had done,  
Made me a Page vnto the Prince his sonne.

My



## PEIRS GAVESTON.

19

My tender youth yet scarce crept from the shell,  
Vnto the world brought such a wonderment,  
That all perfection seem'd in mee to dwell,  
And that the heauens me all their graces lent;  
Some sware I was the quintessence of Nature,  
And some an Angel, and no earthly creature.

20

The heauens had limm'd my face with such a die,  
As made each curious eye on earth amazed,  
Tempring my lookes with loue and maiestie,  
A miracle to all that euer gazed,  
So that it seem'd some power had in my birth,  
Ordained me his Image heere on earth.

21

O beautious varnish of the heauens aboue,  
Pure grain-dy'd colour of a perfect birth,  
O fairest tincture, Adamant of loue,  
Angell-hewd blush, the prospectiue of mirth,  
O sparkling luster, ioying humaine sight,  
Liues ioy, harts fire, loutes nurse, y<sup>e</sup> soules delight.

22

As purple-tressed Titan with his beames,  
The sable clowdes of night in sunder cleaueth,  
Enameling the earth with golden streames,  
VVhen he his crimson Canapie vpheaueth,  
Such were my beauties pure translucent rayes,  
Which cheer'd y<sup>e</sup> Sun, & cleerd y<sup>e</sup> drouping daies.  
My

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

23

My lookes, perswading Orators of loue,  
My speech, diuine intusing harmonic,  
And euery word so well could passion moue,  
So were my iestures grac'd with modestie,  
As where my thoughts intended to surprize,  
I easly made a conquest with mine eyes.

24

A gracious minde, a passing louelic eye,  
A hand that gaue, a mouth y neuer vaunted,  
A chaste desire, a tongue that would not lye,  
A Lyons hart, a courage neuer daunted,  
A sweet conceit, in such a cariage placed,  
As with my iesture all my words were graced.

25

Such was the work which Nature had begun  
As promised a Iem of wondrous price,  
This little starre, fore-told a glorious Sunne,  
This curious plot, an earthly Paradise,  
This Globe of beauty, wherein all might see  
An after world of wonders heere in mee.

26

As in th' Autumnall season of the yeere,  
Some death-presaging Comet doth arise,  
Or some prodigious meteor doth appeare,  
Or fearefull Chasma vnto humaine eyes:  
Euen such a wonder was I to behold,  
Where heauen seem'd all her secrets to vnfold.

If

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

27

If cunning'st pensill-man that ever wrought,  
By skilfull Arte of secret Sumetrie,  
Or the diuine *Idea* of the thought,  
VVith rare descriptions of high Poesie,  
Should all compose a body and a minde,  
Such one was I, the wonder of my kinde.

28

VVith this faire bayte I fisht for *Edwards* loue,  
My daintie youth so pleas'd his princelie eye:  
Heere grewe the league, which time could not re-  
So deeplie grafted in our infancie, (moue,  
That frend, nor so, nor life, nor death could sunder  
So seldom seene, and to the world a wonder.

29

O heauenlie concord, musick of the minde,  
Touching the hart-strings with such harmonie,  
The ground of nature, and the law of kinde,  
Which in coniunction doe so well agree,  
VVhose reuolution by effect doth proue,  
That mortall men are made diuine by loue.

30

O strong combining chayne of secrecie,  
Sweet ioy of heauen, the Angels oratorie,  
The bond of faith, the seale of sanctitie,  
The soules true blisse, youths solace, ages glorie,  
And endles league, a bond thats neuer broken,  
A thing diuine, a word with wonder spoken.

VVith

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

3 1

With this faire bud of that same blessed Rose,  
Edward surnam'd *Carnaruan* by his birth,  
VVho in his youth it seem'd that Nature chose,  
To make the like, whose like was not on earth,  
Had not his lust, and my lasciuious will,  
Made him and me the instruments of ill.

3 2

With this sweet Prince, the mirror of my blisse,  
My soules delight, my ioy, my fortunes pride,  
My youth enioyd such perfect happines,  
Whilst Tutors care his wandring yeeres did guide,  
As his affections on my thoughts attended,  
And with my life, his ioyes began and ended.

3 3

Whether it were my beauties excellence,  
Or rare perfections that so pleas'd his eye,  
Or some diuine and heauenly influence,  
Or naturall attracting sympathy:  
My pleasing youth became his senses object,  
Where all his passions wrought vpo this subiect.

3 4

Thou Arke of heauen, where wonders are inroled,  
O depth of nature, who can looke on thee?  
O who is he that hath thy doome controuled?  
Or hath the kay of reason to vndoe thee:  
Thy works diuine, w powers alone doe knowe,  
Our shallow wits too short for things below.

The



## PEIRS GAVESTON.

35

The soule diuine by her integritie,  
And by the functionous agents of the minde,  
Cleere-sighted, so perceiueth through the eye,  
That which is pure and pleasing to her kinde,  
And by her powerfull motions apprehendeth,  
That w<sup>ch</sup> beyond our humane sence extendeth.

36

This *Edward* in the Aprill of his age,  
Whilst yet the Crowne sate on his Fathers head,  
My *Ioue* with me, his *Ganimed*, his Page,  
Frolick as May, a lustie life we led:  
He might cōmaund, he was my Soueraigns son,  
And what I said, by him was euer done.

37

My words as lawes, autentique hee allow'd,  
My yea; by him was neuer crost with no,  
All my conceit as currant hee avow'd,  
And as my shadow still he seru'd so,  
My hand the racket, he the tennis-ball,  
My voyces echo, answering euery call.

38

My youth the glasse where he his youth beheld,  
Roses his lips, my breath sweet Nectar showers,  
For in my face was Natures fairest field,  
Richly adorn'd with beauties rarest flowers,  
My breast the pillow where he layd his head,  
Mine eyes his booke, my bosome was his bed.

My

## PIERS GAVESTON.

39

My smiles were life, and Heauen vnto his sight,  
All his delight concluding my desire,  
From mine eyes beames he borrowed all his light,  
And as a flye play'd with my beauties fire,  
His loue-sick lips, at euery kissing qualme,  
Cling to my lips to cure their grieve with balme.

40

Like as the wanton Iuic with his twine,  
VVhen as the Oake his rootlesse body warms,  
The straightest saplings strictly doth combine,  
Clipping the woods with his laciuous armes:  
Such our imbraces when our sport begins,  
Lapt in our armes, like *Ledas* louely twins.

41

Or as Loue-nursling *Venus* when she sports  
VVith cherry-lipt *Adonis* in the shade,  
Figuring her passions in a thousand sorts,  
With sighs, & teares, or what else might perswade,  
Her deere, her sweet, her ioy, her life, her loue,  
Kissing his brow, his cheek, his hand, & his gloue.

42

My beaurie was the Load-starre to his thought,  
My lookes the Pilot to his wandring eye,  
By me his fences all a sleepe were brought,  
VVhen with sweet loue I sang his lullaby;  
Nature had taught my tongue her perfect time,  
VVhich in his eare strooke dulie as a chime.

L.

With

## PIERS GAVESTON.

43

VWith sweetest speech, thus could I Syrenies,  
Which as strong Philters youths desire could moue,  
And with such method could I rethorize,  
My musick played the measures to his loue:  
In his faire breast, such was my souls impression,  
As to his eyes, my thoughts made intercession.

44

Thus like an Eagle seated in the Sunne,  
But yet a Phenix in my Soueraignes eye,  
VVe act with shame, our Reuels are begun,  
The wise could iudge of our Catastrophe:  
But we proceed to play our wanton prize,  
Our mournfull Chorus was a world of eyes.

45

The table now of all delight is layd,  
Seru'd with what banquets beautie could deuise,  
She Syrens sing, and false *Calipso* playd,  
Our feast is grac'd with youths sweet Comedies.  
Our looks with smiles, are sooth'd of euery eye,  
Carrousing loue in bowles of Iuoric.

46

Fraught with delight, and safely vnder saile,  
Like flight-wing'd Faucons now we take our scope,  
Our youth and fortune blow a merry gale,  
VVe loose the Anchor of our vertues hope:  
Blinded with pleasure in this lustfull game,  
By ouer-sight discard our King with shame.

My

## PIERS GAVESTON.

47

My youthfull pranks are spurres to his desire,  
I held the raynes which rul'd the golden Sunne,  
My blandishments were fewell to his fire,  
I had the garland who so euer wonne:  
I waxt his wings and taught him art to flie,  
Who on his back might beare me through y skie.

48

Here first that Sun-bright temple is defild,  
VVhich to faire Vertue first was consecrated,  
This was the fruit wher-with I was beguild,  
Here first the deed of all my fame was dated:  
O me, euen here from Paradice I fell,  
From Angels state, fró heauen, cast down to hell.

49

Loe here the very Image of perfection,  
VVith the black pensell of defame is blotted,  
And with the vlcers of my youths infection,  
My innocencie is besmear'd and spotted,  
Now comes my night, ô now my day is donne,  
These sable clouds eclipse my ryding sunne.

50

Our innocence, our child-bred puritie  
Is now defild, and as our dreames forgot,  
Drawne in the Coach of our securitie.  
VVhat act so vile that we attempted not;  
Our sun-bright vertues fountain-cleer beginning,  
Is now polluted by the filth of sinning.



# PIERS GAVESTON.

## § 1

O wit too wilfull, first by heauen ordayn'd,  
An Antidote by Vertue made to cherish,  
By filthy vice, as with a mole art stayn'd,  
A poyson now, by which the senses perish:  
That made of force, all vices to controule,  
Defames the life, and doth confound the soule.

## § 2

The Heauen to see my fall doth knit her browes,  
The valty ground vnder my burthen groneth,  
Vnto mine eyes, the ayre no light allowes,  
The very wind my wickednes bemoneth:  
The barren earth repineth at my food,  
And Nature seemes to curse her beastly brood.

## § 3

And thus like slaues we sell our soules to sinne,  
Vertue forgot by worlds deceitfull trust,  
Alone by pleasure are we entred in,  
Now wandring in the labyrinth of lust,  
For when the soule is drowned once in vice,  
The sweet of sinne, makes hell a paradise.

## § 4

O pleasure thou, the very lure of sinne,  
The root of woe, our youths deceitfull guide,  
A shop where all confectioned poysons bin,  
The bayte of lust, the instrument of pride,  
Inchanting *Circes*, smoothing couer-guile,  
Alluring Siren, flattering Crocodile.

Our

## PIERS GAVESTON.

55

Our *Ioue* which sawe his *Phæbus* youth betrayd,  
And *Phaeton* guide the Sun-carre in the skyes,  
Knew well the course with danger hardly stayd,  
For what is not perceiu'd by wise-mens eyes;  
He knew these pleasures, posts of our desire,  
Might by misguiding set his throne on fier.

56

This was a corsue to King *Edwards* dayes,  
These iarring discords quite vntun'd his mirth,  
This was the paine which neuer gaue him ease,  
If euer hell, this was his hell on earth:

This was the burthen which he groned vnder,  
This pincht his soule, & rent his hart in sunder.

57

This venom suckt the marrow from his bones,  
This was the canker which consum'd his yeares,  
This fearfull vision, fild his sleepe with grones,  
This winter snow'd downe frost vpon his haire:

This was the moth, this was the fretting rust,  
VVhich so consum'd his glory vnto dust.

58

The humor found, which fed this foule disease,  
Must needs be stay'd ere help could be deuise'd,  
The vaine must breath the burning to appease,  
Hardly a cure the wound not cauteriz'd:

That member now where in the botch was risen,  
Infecteth all not cured by incision.

# PIERS GAVESTON

59

The cause coniectur'd by this Prodigie,  
From whence this foule contagious sicknes grue,  
VVisdome alone must giue a remedie,  
Thus to preuent the danger to insue:

The cause must end, ere the effect could cease,  
Else might the danger daylie more increase.

60

Now they, whose eyes to death enui'd my glory,  
VVhose safetie still vpon my down-fall stood,  
These, these, could comment on my youthfull story,  
These were y Wolues which thirsted for my blood:  
These all vnlade their mischiefes at this bay,  
And make the breach to enter my decay.

61

These currs which liu'd by carrion of the court,  
These wide-mouth'd helhounds long time kept at  
Finding the King to credit their report; (bay,  
Like greedie Rauens follow for their pray:  
Despightfull *Langton* fauorit to the King,  
This was the Serpent stroke me with his sting.

62

Such as beheld this lightning from aboue,  
My Princely *Ioue* from out the ayre to thunder:  
This Earth-quake which did my foundation moue,  
This boystrous storme, this vnexpected wonder.  
They thought my Sunne had been eclipsed quite,  
And all my day now turn'd to Winters night.

My

# PIERS GAVESTON.

63

My youth embowel'd by their curious eyes,  
VVhose true reports my lyfe anotomis'd:  
VVho still pursu'd me like deceitfull spyces,  
To crosse that which I wantonly deuic'd:  
Perceiue the traine me to the trap had led,  
And down they come like hailstones on my head

64

My Sunne eclips'd, each starre becomes a Suane,  
When *Phæbus* failes, then *Cynthia* shineth bright,  
These furnish vp the Stage, my act is done,  
Which were but Glo-worms to my glorious light,  
They erst condem'n'd, by my perfections doome,  
In *Phæbus* Chariot, now possesse my roome.

65

The Commons swore, I led the Prince to vice,  
The Noble-men, said I abus'd the King,  
Graue Matrons, such as lust could not intice,  
Like women, whispred of another thing:  
Such as could not aspire vnto my place,  
These were subborn'd to offer me disgrace.

66

The staffe thus broke, wheron my youth did stay,  
And like the shaddow all my pleasures gone,  
Now with the winds my ioyes fleet hence away,  
The silent night makes musick to my mone,  
The tatling Ecchoes whispring with the ayre,  
Vnto my words sound nothing but dispayre.

The



# PIERS GAVESTON

67

The frowning Heauens are all in sable clad,  
The Planet of my liues misfortune raineth :  
No musick serues a dying soule to glad,  
My wrong to Tirants for redresse complaineth :  
To ease my paine there is no remedie,  
So far despayre exceeds extremitie.

68

VVhy doe I quake my down-fall to report?  
Tell on my Ghost, the storie of my woe,  
The King commaunds, I must depart the court,  
I aske no question, he will haue it so :  
The Lyons roring, lesser Beasts doth feare,  
The greatest flye, when he approacheth neare.

69

My Prince is now appointed to his gard,  
As from a Traytor he is kept from me,  
My banishment alreadie is prepar'd,  
Away I must, there is no remedie :  
On paine of death I may no longer stay,  
Such is reuenge which brooketh no delay.

70

The skyes with clouds are all inuclloped,  
The pitchy fogs eclipse my cheerfull Sunne,  
The geatie night hath all her curtains spred,  
And all the ayre with vapours ouer-runne.  
Wanting those rayes whose cleernes lent me light  
My sun-shine day is turn'd to black-fac'd night.  
Like

# PIERS GAVESTON.

71

Like to the bird of *Leda's* Lemmans die,  
Beating his breast against the siluer streame,  
The fatall Prophet of his destenie,  
With mourning chants, his death aproching theame  
So now I sing the dirges of my fall,  
The Anthemes of my fatall funerall.

72

Or as the faithfull Turtle for her make,  
VVhose youth enioyd her deare virginittie,  
Sits shrouded in some melancholly brake,  
Chirping forth accents of her miserie.  
Thus halfe distracted sitting all alone,  
With speaking sighs to vtter forth my mone.

73

My beautie sdayning to behold the light,  
Now weather-beaten with a thousand storms,  
My dainty lims must trauaile day and night,  
Which oft were luld in princely *Edwards* armes.  
Those eyes where Beautie sat in all her pride,  
VVith fearefull objects fild on euery side.

74

The Prince so much astonisht with the blowe,  
So that it seem'd as yet he felt no paine,  
Vntill at length awakned by his woe,  
He sawe the wound by which his ioyes were flaine,  
His cares fresh bleeding fainting more and more,  
No Cataplasma now to cure the sore.

Now

# PIERS GAVESTON,

75

Now weepe mine eyes, and lend me teares at will,  
You sad-Musd sisters help me to indite,  
And in your faire Castalia bathe my quill,  
In bloodie lines whilst I his woes recite,  
Inspire my Muse, ô Heauens, now from aboue,  
To paint the passions of a princely loue.

76

His eyes about their rowling Globes doe cast,  
To find that Sunne frō whom they had their light,  
His thoughts doe labour for that sweet repast,  
VWhich past the day, and pleasd him all the night:  
He counts the howers, so stotie how they runne.  
Reproues the day, & blames the loytring Sunne.

77

As gorgious *Phæbus* in his first vprise,  
Disquering now his Scarlet-coloured head,  
By troublous motions of the lowring skies,  
His glorious beames with foggs are ouer-spread,  
So are his cheerfull browes eclips'd with sorrow,  
Vv cloud y shine of his youths-smiling morrow.

78

Now showring downe a flood of brackish teares,  
The Epithemas to his hart-swolne grieve,  
Then sighing out a vollue of despayres,  
VWhich only is th'afflicted mans reliefe:  
Now wanting sighes, & all his teares were spent,  
His tongue brake-out into this sad lament.

O

# PIERS GAVESTON

79

O breake my hart (quoth he) o breake and dye,  
Whose Infant thoughts were nurst with sweet de-  
But now the Inne of care and miserie, (light;  
Whose pleasing hope is murdered by despight:  
O end my dayes, for now my ioyes are done,  
VVanting my *Piers*, my sweetest *Gaveston*.

80

Farewell my Loue, companion of my youth,  
My soules delight, the subiect of my mirth,  
My second selfe if I report the truth,  
The rare and only Phenix of the earth;  
Farwell sweet friend, with thee my ioyes are gon,  
Farewell my *Piers*, my lovely *Gaveston*.

81

VVhat are the rest but painted Imagrie,  
Domb Idols made to fill vp idle roomes,  
But gaudie Anticks, sports of foolerie,  
But fleshy Coffins, goodly gilded toombs,  
But Puppets which with others words replic,  
Like prating Echoes soothing euery lie?

82

O damned world, I scorne thee and thy worth,  
The very source of all iniquitie:  
An ougly dam that brings such monsters forth,  
The maze of death, nurse of impietic,  
A filthy sinke where lothsomnes doth dwell,  
A Labyrinth, a Tayle, a very hell.

Deceit-



## TIERS GAVESTON

83

Deceitfull Syren Traytor to my youth,  
Bane to my blisse, false theefe that steal'st my ioyes,  
Mother of lyes, sworne enemye to truth,  
The ship of fooles fraught all with gauds & toyes,  
A vessell stufte with foule hypocrisie,  
The very temple of Idolatrie,

84

O earth-pale *Saturne* most maleuolent,  
Combustious Planet, tyrant in thy raigne,  
The sword of wrath, the root of discontent,  
In whose ascendant all my ioyes are slaine:  
Thou executioner of foule bloody rage,  
To act the will of lame decrepit age.

85

My life is but a very map of woes,  
My ioyes the fruit of an vntimely birth,  
My youth in labour with vnkindly throwes,  
My pleasures are like plagues that raigne on earth,  
All my delights like streams that swiftly runne,  
Or like the dewe exhaled by the Sunne.

86

O Heauens why are you deafe vnto my mone?  
Sdayne you my prayers, or scorne to heare my misse,  
Cease you to moue, or is your pittie gone;  
Or is it you which rob me of my blisse?  
What are you blind, or wink and will not see?  
Or doe you sport at my calamitie?

O

## PIERS GAVESTON.

87

O happy climat what so ere thou be,  
Cheerd with those sunnes the fair'st that euer shon,  
Which hast those Starrs which guide my destenie,  
The brightest Lamps in all the Horizon.

O happy eyes that see what most I lack,  
The pride and beautie of the Zodiack.

88

O blessed Fountaine, source of all delight,  
O sacred spark that kindlest Vertues fier?

The perfect object of the purest sight,  
The superficies of true loues desire,

The very tuchstone of all sweet conceite,  
On whom all graces euer-more awaite.

89

Thus whilst his youth in all these storms was tost,  
And whilst his ioyes lay speechlesse in a trance,

His sweet content with such vnkindnes crost,

And lowring Fortune seem'd to looke a skance,

Too weake to swim against the streamfull time,

Fore-told their fall & now sought most to clime.

90

Camelion-like, the world thus turnes her hue,

And like to *Proteus* puts on sundry shapen,

One hastes to clime, another doth ensue,

One falls, another for promotion gapes :

Flockmell they swarme like flies about the brim,

Some drown, whilst others & great danger swim.

And

# TIERS GAVESTON.

91

And some on whom, the Sunne shone passing faire,  
Yet of their Sommer nothing seeme to vaunt,  
They sawe their fall presaged by the ayre,  
If once this Planet were predominant.

Thus in their gate they flew with wings of feare,  
And still with care doe purchase honor deare.

92

Thus restlesse Time that neuer turnes againe,  
Whose winged secte are flyding with the Sunne,  
Brings Fortune in to act another Scene  
By whom the Plot already is begunne:

The argument of this black tragedie,  
Is vertues fall to raise vp infamie.

93

The brute is blowne, the King doth now pretend,  
A long-look'd voyage to the Holy-land,  
For which his Subiects mighty sums doe lend,  
And whilst the thing is hotly thus in hand,  
Blind Fortune turnes about her fickle wheele,  
And breaks y<sup>e</sup> prop, which maks y<sup>e</sup> building reele.

94

I feare to speake, yet speake I must p<sup>e</sup>rforce,  
My words be turn'd to teares euen as I write,  
Mine eyes doe yet behold his dying course,  
And on his Hearse me thinks I still indite:

My paper is hard sable Ebon wood,  
My pen of Iron, and my Inke is blood.

Loe

## PIERS GAVESTON.

95

Loe here, the time drew on of *Edwards* death;  
Loe here the dolefull period of his yeares,  
O now he yeeldeth vp that sacred breath, (teares,  
For whom the Heauens do shower down floods of  
For whom the Sun, euen mourning hides his face,  
For whom the earth, was all too vile and base.

96

May I report his dolefull obsequie,  
VWhen as my Ghost doth tremble at his name,  
Faine would I vwrite, but as I vwrite I die,  
My ioynts apald vvith feare, my hand is lame,  
I leaue it to some sacred Muse to tell,  
Vpon whose life a Poets pen might dwell.

97

No sooner was his body vvrappt in lead,  
And that his mournfull Funerals vv ere done,  
But that the Crowne vv as set on *Edwards* head,  
Sing I-*o* now my Ghost, the storme is gone:  
The wind blows right, loe yonder breaks my day  
Caroll my Muse, and now sing care away.

98

*Carnarvan* now calls home vvithin a vv hile,  
Whom vvorthy *Long-shanks* hated to the death,  
Whom *Edward* swore should dye in his exile,  
He vv as as deere to *Edward* as his breath:  
This *Edward* lou'd, that *Edward* loued not,  
Kings wils perform'd, & dead mens words forgot.

Now



## PIERS GAVESTON.

99

Now waft me wind vnto the blessed Ile,  
Rock me my ioyes, loue sing me with delight,  
Now sleepe my thoughts, cease sorrow for a while,  
Now end my care, come day, farwell my night,  
Sweet sences now act euery one his part,  
Loe here the balme that hath recur'd my hart.

100

Loe now my *Ioue* in his ascendant is,  
In the Aestiuall solstice of his glorie,  
Now all the Stars prognosticate my blis,  
And in the Heauen all eyes may read my storie,  
My Comet now, worlds wonder thus appeares,  
Foretelling troubles of ensuing yeares.

101

Now am I mounted with Fames golden wings,  
And in the tropick of my fortunes height,  
My flood maintayned with a thousand springs,  
Now on my back supporting *Atlas* weight.  
All tongues and pens attending on my prayse,  
Surnamed now, the wonder of our dayes.

102

VVho euer sawe the kindest Romaine dame,  
VVith extreame ioy yeeld vp her latest breath,  
VVhen from the wars her Sonne triumphing came,  
And stately Rome had mourned for his death:  
Her passion here might haue exprest a right,  
VVhen once I came into the Princes sight.

Who

# PIERS GAVESTON.

103

VWho euer had his Lady in his arms,  
Which hath of loue but felt the miserie,  
Touching the fire that all his fences warms,  
Now clips with ioy her blushing Iuorie,  
Feeling his soule in such delights to melt,  
Ther's none but he can tell the ioyes we felt.

104

Like as when *Phæbus* darting forth his rayes,  
Glydeth along the swelling Ocean streams,  
And whilst one billow with another playes,  
Reflecteth back his bright translucent beams,  
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes,  
Sending forth looks as tears doe fall and rise.

105

It seem'd the ayre deuiscd to please my sight,  
The whistling wind makes musick to my tale,  
All things on earth doe feast me with delight,  
The world to me sets all her wealth to sale;  
VWho now rules all in Court, but I alone,  
VWho highly grac'd, but onely *Gaueston*?

106

Now, like to *Mydas*, all I touch is gold,  
The clowds doe showre downe gold into my lap,  
If I but winck, the mightiest are controld,  
Plac'd on the turret of my highest hap;  
My Cofers now, euen like to Oceans are,  
To whom all floods by course doe still repare.

M

VWith

## PIERS GAVESTON.

107

With bountie now he franckly seales his loue,  
And to my hands yeelds vp the Ile of *Man*,  
By such a gift his kingly mind to proue,  
Thys was the earnest where-with he began;  
Then *Wallingford*, *Queene Elnors* stately bower,  
With many a towne, and many a goodly tower.

108

And all those summs his Father had prepard,  
By way of taxes for the Holy-land,  
He gaue me franckly, as my due reward,  
In bountie thus it seem'd he pleas'd his hand,  
Which made the world to wonder euery howre,  
To see me drowned in this golden showre.

109

Determin'd now to hoise my saile amaine,  
The Earle of Cornwall he created me,  
Of England then the Lord high Chamberlaine,  
Cheefe Secretarie to his Maiestie:  
VVhat I deuisd, his treasure euer wrought,  
His bountie still so answered to my thought.

110

Yet more to spice my ioyes with sweet delight,  
Bound by his loue apprentice to my pleasure,  
VVhose eyes still leueld how to please my sight,  
VVhose kindnes euer so exceeded measure,  
Deuisd to quench my thirst with such a drink,  
As from my quill drops Nectar to my inck.

# PIERS GAVESTON.

## I I I

O sacred Bountie, mother of Content,  
Prop of renowne, the nourisher of Arts,  
The Crowne of hope, the roote of good euent,  
The trump of Fame, the ioy of noble harts,  
Grace of the heauens, diuinitie in nature,  
Whose excellence doth so adorne the creature.

## I I 2

Hee giues his Netce is marriage vnto me,  
Of royall blood, for beautie past compare,  
Borne of his Sister was this *Bellamie*,  
Daughter to *Gilbert*, thrice renowned *Clare*,  
Cheefe of his house, the Earle of Gloucester,  
For princely worth that neuer had his Peere.

## I I 3

Like heauen-dy'd *Andromeda* the faire,  
In her embrodered Mantle richly dight,  
With starrie traine inthronis'd in the ayre,  
Adorns the Welken with her glittering light,  
Such one shee was, who in my bosome rested,  
Whose sweet loue, my youthful yeres wer fested

## I I 4

As when faire *Venus*, dight in her flowrie rayle,  
In her new-coloured liuerie decks the earth,  
And glorious *Tytan* spreads his sun-shine vaile,  
To bring to passe her tender infants birth,  
Such was her beautie which I then posselt,  
With whose imbracings all my youth was blest.



# PIERS GAVESTON.

115

Whose purest thoughts, and spotles chaste desire,  
To my affections still so pleasing were,  
Neuer yet toucht with sparke of *Venus* fire,  
As but her breast, I thought no heauen but there,  
To none more like then faire *Idea*, she,  
The perfect Image of pure chastitie.

116

O chastitie, thou gyft of blessed souls,  
Comfort in death, a crowne vnto the life,  
VWhich all the passions of the minde controuls,  
Adorns the mayde and beautifies the wife:  
That grace, the *W* nor death nor time attaints,  
Of earthly creaturs making heauenly Saints.

117

O Vertue, which no Muse can poetize,  
Fairst *Queene* of England which *W* thee doth rest,  
VWhich thy pure thoughts doe onely exercise,  
And is impressed in thy royall brest,  
VWhich in thy life disciphred is alone,  
VWhose name shall want a fit Epitheton.

118

The Heauens now seeme to frolick at my feast,  
The Starrs as hand-mayds seruing my desires,  
Now loue full fed with beautie, takes his rest,  
To whom content, for safetie thus retiers:  
The ground was good, my footing passing sure,  
My dayes delightsome, and my life secure.

Loe

# PIERS GAVESTON.

I 19

Loe, thus ambition creeps into my breast,  
Pleasing my thoughts with this emperious humor,  
And with this deuill beeing once posselt,  
Mine eares are filld with such a buzzing rumor,  
As onely pride my glorie doth await,  
My senses sooth'd with euery selfe-conceit.

I 20

Selfe-loue, Prides thirst, vnsatis-fied desire,  
A flood that neuer yet had any bounds,  
Times pestilence, thou state-consuming fire,  
A mischief which all Common weals confounds,  
O plague of plagues, how many kingdōs rue thee?  
Happy those Empires which yet neuer knew thee

I 21

And now reuenge which had been smothred long,  
Like piercing lightning flasheth from mine eyes,  
This word could sound so sweetly on my tongue,  
And with my thoughts such stratagems deuise,  
Tickling mine eares with many a pleasant storie,  
VWhich promise wonders, & a world of glorie.

I 22

For now began the bloody-rayning broyles  
Betweene the Barrons of the Land and me:  
Labouring the state with *Ixion*-endles toyles,  
Twixt my ambition, and their tyrannie,  
Such was the storme this deliuge first begun,  
With which this Ile was after ouer-run.

# PIERS GAVESTON.

123

O cruell discord, foode of deadly hate,  
O mortall corsue to a common weale,  
Death-lingring consumption to a state,  
A poyshed sore that neuer salue could heale,  
O foule contagion, deadly killing feuer,  
Infecting oft, but to be cured neuer.

124

By courage now imboldned in my sinne,  
Finding my King so surely linckt to mee,  
By circumstance I finely bring him in,  
To be an actor in this Tragedie,  
Perswading him the Barrons sought his blood,  
And on what tearms, these earth-bred giants stood

125

And so aduauncing to my Princes grace,  
The baser sort, of factious qualitie,  
As beeing raised vnto such a place,  
Might counterpoize the proude Nobilitie,  
And as my Agents, on my part might stand,  
Still to support what ere I tooke in hand.

126

Suborning Iesters still to make me mirth,  
Vile Sycophants, at euery word to sooth me,  
Time-fawning Spaniels, Mermayds on the earth,  
Trencher-fed fooles, with flatteries to smooth me,  
Base Parasits, these elbow-rubbing mates,  
A plague to all lasciuious wanton states.

O

## PIERS GAVESTON.

127

O filthy Monkies, vile and beastly kinde,  
Foule prating Parrats, byrds of Harpie broode,  
A corasue to euey noble minde,  
Vipers, that suck your mothers deereft blood,  
Mishapen Monster, worst of any creature,  
A foe to Art, an enemy to nature.

128

His presence grac'd what ere I went about,  
Best pleas'd with that which most contented me,  
VWhat ere I did, his powre still bare mee out,  
And where I was, there euer-more was hee,  
By birth my Soueraigne, but by loue my thrall,  
King *Edwards* Idoll all men did mee call.

129

Oft would hee set his crowne vpon my head,  
And in his chayre sit dovvne vpon my knee,  
And when his eyes with loue were fully fed,  
A thousand times hee sweetly kissed mee;  
When did I laugh, and he not seene to smile?  
If I but frownd, he silent all the while.

130

But Fortune now vnto my ouer-throw,  
Intic'd me on with her alluring call:  
And still deuising how to worke my woe,  
One baite tane vp, shee let another fall,  
Thus Syren-like, she brings me to the bay,  
VWhere long before shee plotted my decay.

For



## PIERS GAVESTON.

I 3 1

For now the King to Fraunce doth him prepare,  
For marriage with the Princesse *Isabell*,  
Daughter to *Phillip*, then surnam'd the faire,  
And shee, like him, in beautie did excell,  
Of tylts and tryumphs euery man reports,  
And the vniting of these famous Courts.

I 3 2

To raise me now to honors highest stayre,  
Hee makes mee Lord-protector of the Land,  
And placing me in his imperiall chayre,  
Yeelds vp his Scepter wholly to my hand,  
Deuising still how hee to passe might bring,  
That if hee died, I might succeed as King.

I 3 3

His treasure now stood absolute to mee,  
I dranck my pleasurs in a golden cup,  
I spent a world, I had abundantlie,  
As though the earth had throwne her bowels vp.  
My reckonings cast, my summes were soone en-  
I was by no man once to be controled. (roled

I 3 4

Now being got as high as I could clime,  
And Fortune made my foot-cloth as I gest,  
I paint mee braue with *Tagus* golden slime,  
Because I would enioy what I posselt;  
Alluding still, that he is mad, and worse,  
Which playes the nyggard w a Princes purse.  
And

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

135

And now the King returning with his traine,  
I summond all the chiefe Nobilitie,  
And in my pompe went soorth to entertaine  
The Peers of Fraunce in all thys ioylitie:  
Where, in my carriage were such honors placed,  
As with my presence, all the shoves were graced.

136

Guarded with troupes of gallants as I went,  
The people crouching still with cap and knee,  
My port and personage so magnificent,  
That (as a God) the Commons honored mee,  
And in my pride, loe thus I could deuise,  
To seeme a wonder vnto all mens eyes.

137

In richest Purple rode I all alone,  
VVith Diamonds imbrodered and bedight,  
VVhich like the starrs in *Gallaxia* shone,  
VVhose luster still reflecting with the light,  
Presented heauen to all that euer gazed,  
Of force to make a world of eyes amazed.

138

Vpon a stately Iennet soorth I rode,  
Caparizond with Pearle-enchased plumes,  
Trotting, as though the Measures he had trode,  
Breathing Arabian Ciuil-sweet perfumes:  
Whose rarenes seem'd to cast men in a trauunce,  
Praised of England, but admir'd of Fraunce.

Like

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

139

Like trident-maced *Neptune* in his pride,  
Mounted vpon a Dolphin in a storme,  
Vpon the tossing billows forth doth ride,  
About whose trayne a thousand *Trytons* swarme,  
When *Phæbus* seemes to set the waues on fire,  
To shew his glorie, and the Gods desire.

140

Or like vnto the fiery-faced Sunne,  
Vpon his vvagon prauncing in the West,  
Whose blushing cheeks w flames seeme ouer-run,  
Whilst sweating thus he gallops to his rest,  
Such was the glory wherein now I stood,  
Which makes y Barons sweat their deereft blood

141

Foolish *Narcissus*, with thy selfe in loue,  
Yet but to be thy selfe thou canst not see,  
Remoue thy sight, which shall that sight remoue,  
VWhich doth but seeme, & yet not seeming thee:  
A shaddow, shaddowed vnderneath a waue,  
Which each thing can destroy, & nothing saue.

142

Bridle ambition fretting in desire,  
At least disguise her in humilitie,  
This were a perfect method to aspire,  
By certaine rules of grounded policie:  
The bending knee in safetie still doth goo,  
When others stumble, as too stiffe to bow.

One

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

I 43

One euill still another doth beget,  
Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance, hath no  
Enuy let in, doth in more mischies let, (meane,  
Vaine-glory neuer temperance doth retaine,  
Chance liues not long, time felleth & time morns  
Solace and sorrow haue their certaine turns.

I 44

Coyne modest temperance, vaile thy saile of state,  
Paint pale disdaine, and make her louely sayre,  
In meeknes maske the most distempred hate,  
Ere sharpest phisick come, mildly prepare,  
Use instruments to draw thy purpose on,  
The surest means, is surel' est built vpon.

I 45

Vertue and vice, immortall enemies,  
Both this & that, gainst this and that opposed,  
Euill and good in contrarieties,  
One by the other vtterly transposed:  
Now were the skill to make them both agree,  
Thys seeming that, that seeming this to bee.

I 46

Thus when the gallant companies were met,  
The King heere present with his louely Quene,  
The Noblemen in comly order set,  
To heare and see, what could be heard & seene,  
Loe here that kindnes easly is discride,  
That faithfull loue which he nor I could hide.

Each



## PEIRS GAVESTON.

147

Euen like as *Castor* when a calme begins,  
Beholding then his starry-tressed brother,  
With mirth and glee these Swan-begotten twins,  
Presaging ioy, the one embrace the other:

Thus one the other in our armes we fold,  
Our breasts for ioy our harts could scarcely hold.

148

Or like the Nymph beholding in a VVell,  
Her deereft loue, & wanting words to wooe him,  
About his neck with clipped arms shee fell,  
Where by her faith the Gods conioynd her to him.  
Such was y loue which now by signes we break,  
Whē ioy had tied our tonges we could not speak.

149

Thus arme in arme towards London on we rid,  
And like two Lambs, we sport in euery place,  
VVhere neither ioy, nor loue, could well be hid  
That might be seal'd with any sweet embrace:  
So that his *Queene* might by our kindnes proue,  
Though shee his wife, yet I alone his loue.

150

The Barrons now ambitious at my raigne,  
As one which floode betwixt them and the Sun,  
They vnderhand pursue mee with disdain,  
Playing the game which I before had won,  
And malice now so hard the bellowes blew,  
That through mine eares the sparks of fire flew.  
VVhere,

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

131

VWhere, in reuenge, the tryumphs they deuisd  
To entertaine the King with wondrous cost,  
VVere by my malice suddainly surprizd,  
The charge, their summons, & theyr honors lost;  
Which in their thoughts, reuenge so deeply raised,  
As with my blood they vow'd shold be appeased

132

As when within the soft and spungie soyle,  
The wind doth pierce the intrals of the earth,  
VVhere hurly burly with a restless coyle,  
Shakes all the Center, wanting issue forth,  
Till w the tumor townes & mountains tremble,  
Euen such a meteor doth their rage resemble.

133

Or when the shapeles huge Leuiathan  
Hath thrust himselfe vpon the sandie shore,  
VVhere (Monster like) affrighting euery man,  
Hee belloweth out a fearfull hidious rore,  
Euen such a clamor through the ayre doth thunder  
The doleful preface of some fearfull wonder.

134

Thus as a plague vnto the gouernment,  
A very scourge to the Nobilitie,  
The cause of all the Commons discontent,  
The Image of all sensualitie,  
I was reproched openly of many,  
VVho pittied none, not pittied now of any.

And

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

155

And as a vile misleader of the King,  
A wastfull spender of his coyne & treasure,  
A secret thiefe of many a sacred thing,  
A Cormorant, in whom was neuer measure;  
I seemed hatefull now in all mens eyes,  
Buzzing about me, like a swarme of flyes.

156

Light-footed mischiefe, messenger of death,  
Sharp spur of vengeance, piercing edge of hate,  
Blood poysoning plague, repiner at our breath,  
Thou foule infector of all humaine state,  
Post to destruction running on with vs,  
Night-haunting ghost, our euill Geniue.

157

O foule fore-teller of my fouler fall,  
Still following fury, neuer pytting fiend,  
Of my destruction onely principall,  
Curse of our birth, and Curser of our end:  
Our frailties scourge, our vices purgatory,  
Thou fatall worker of our fatall storie.

158

Like as a clowde, foule, darke, and vgly black,  
Threatning the earth with tempest euer howre,  
Now broken w<sup>th</sup> a fearful thunder-crack, (showre,  
Straight poureth downe his deepe earth-drenching  
Thus for their wrongs now rise they vp in arms,  
Or to reuenge, or to amend their harms.

The

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

159

The King perceiuing how the matter stood,  
Himselfe, his crowne in thys extremery,  
And still the Barrons thirsting for my blood,  
And seeing now no other remedy,  
But I some vile vntimely death must die,  
Or thus must be, exiled presentlie.

160

A thousand thoughts he hammereth in his head,  
Thinking on this, and now againe on that:  
As one deuise is come, another fled,  
Some thing he would, & now he knowes not what.  
To help me now, a thousand means he forgeth,  
Whilst still w<sup>th</sup> sighs his sorrows he disgorgeth.

161

And for I was his very soules delight,  
He thought on this, the onely way at last,  
In Ireland to hide mee out of sight,  
Vntill these storms were somewhat ouer-past,  
And in meane time, t<sup>o</sup> appease the Barrons hate,  
And so reduce mee to my former state.

162

As one whose house in danger to be burn'd,  
Which he hath builded with exceeding cost,  
And all his wealth to earth-pale ashes turn'd,  
Taking one Jewell which he loueth most,  
To some safe place doth with the same retyre,  
Leauing the rest to the mercy of the fire.

Or



## PEIRS GAVESTON.

163

Or as a Nurse within besieged walls,  
Dreading each houre the souldiers slaughtering knife  
VVithin some place as fittest there befalls,  
Hides her sweet babe, in hope to saue his life,  
Loe, thus the King prouideth now for me,  
The ioy and pride of his felicitie.

164

Hee wanted words t' expresse what hee sustaind,  
Nor could I speake to vtter halfe my wrong,  
To shew his grieffe, or where I most was paind,  
The time too short, the tale were all too long:  
Taking my leaue with sighs, away I went,  
He streams of tears vnto my farewell sent.

165

Dispatching lookes (Embassadors of loue)  
VVhich as our posts could goe & soone retire,  
By whose quick motion we alone might proue,  
Our equall loue, did equall like desire,  
And that the fire in which we both did burne,  
VVas sooner quencht in hope of safe returne.

166

O hope, how cunning with our cares to gloze,  
Griefes breathing point, the truce man to desire,  
The rest in sighs, the very thoughts repose,  
As thou art milde, oh wert thou not a lyer,  
Eaire speaking flattery, subtile soothing guile,  
Ah how in thee our sorrows sweetly smile.

Like

# PIERS GAVESTON.

167

Like to a vessell with a narrow vent,  
VVhich is fild vp with liquor to the top,  
Although the mouth be after down-ward bent,  
Yet is it seene not to distill a drop.

Euen thus our breasts brim-full with pensive care,  
Stopping our tongues, with griefe we silent are.

168

But when my want gaue breath vnto his mone,  
And that his teares had now vntide his tongue,  
VVith drery sighes disperd and ouer-blowne,  
Which erst (like Fountains) in abundance sprung,  
Vnto himselfe he thus complaines his griefe,  
Sith now the world could yield him no reliefe.

169

O cursed stars (quoth he) which guide my birth,  
Infernall Torches, Comets of misfortune,  
Or *Genius* here which haunts me on the earth,  
Or hellish Fiend that doest my woes importune:  
Fate-guiding Heauens, in whose vn lucky mouing,  
Stands th' effect of my mishaps approuing.

170

Sky-couering clouds, which thus doe ouer-cast,  
And at my noone-tide darken all my Sunne,  
Blood-drying sicknes, which my life doost wast,  
VVhen yet my glasse is but a quarter runne:  
My ioy but a phantasma and elusion,  
And my delights intending my confusion.

N.

What

# PIERS GAVESTON.

171

VVhat Planet raignd in that vnluckie hower,  
VVhen first I was inuested in the Crowne?  
Or hath in my natiuitie such power,  
Or what vile surie doth attend my Throne?  
Or els, what hellish hags be these that haunt me?  
Yet if a King, why should misfortune daunt me?

172

Am I a Prince, yet to my people subiect,  
VVhich should be lou'd, yet thus am left forlorne,  
Or daynd to rule, respected as an abiect,  
Liue I to see mine honour had in scorne?  
Base dunghill mind, that doest such slavery bring,  
To liue a Pesant, and be borne a King.

173

The purest Steele doth neuer turne at lead,  
Nor Oake doth bow at euery wind that blowes,  
Nor Lyon from a Lamb doth turne his head,  
Nor Eagle frighted with a flock of Crowes:  
And yet a King want courage in his brest,  
Trembling for feare to see his woes redrest.

174

It rather fits a villaine then a State,  
To haue his loue on others lykings placed,  
Or set his pleasures at so base a rate,  
To see the same by euery slaue disgraced;  
A King should euer priuiledge his pleasure,  
And make his Peers esteeme it as their treasure.

Then

# PIERS GAVESTON.

175

Then raise thy thoughts, & w<sup>th</sup> thy thoughts thy loue  
Kings want no means t<sup>o</sup> accōplish what they would,  
If one doe faile, yet other maist thou proue.  
It shames a King, to say, *If that I could.*

Let not thy loue, such crosses then sustaine,  
But rayse him vp, and call him home againt.

176

Sweet *Gaueston*, whose prayse the Angels sing,  
Maist thou assure thee of my loue the while?  
Or what maist thou imagin of thy King,  
To let thee lyue in yonder brutish He?

My deare, a space, this wearie time prolong,  
He liues, that can, and shall reuenge thy wrong.

177

Thus like a man growne lunaticke with paine,  
Now in his torments casts him on his bed,  
Then out he runnes into the fields againe,  
And on the ground doth rest his troubled head.

With such sharp passions is the King possest,  
Which day nor night doth let him take his rest.

178

As Lyon-skind *Alcides*, when he lost  
His louely *Hylas* on his way from Thrace,  
Follows y<sup>e</sup> quest through many an vnknown Coast,  
With plaints and out-cryes, wearying euery place,  
Thus louely *Edward* fills each place with mone,  
VVanting the sight of his sweet *Gaueston*.

N 2

Thus



# PIERS GAVESTON.

179

Thus like a Barge that wants both steere & sailes,  
Forc'd with the wind against the streamfull tyde,  
From place to place with euery billow hailes,  
And (as it haps) from shore to shore doth ryde.  
Thus doth my case, thus doth my fortune stand,  
Betwixt the King, and Barrons of the Land.

180

Instruct thy dangers whilst they be but yong,  
And like a teacher trayne them to obay,  
That growing cunning as they doe growe strong,  
They may guide thee with safety on the way.  
Thus find out wisdoms true mortallitie,  
Philosophies more deepe Philosophie.

181

VVith sweetest mildnes guide thine humble eye,  
Thy mind aloft, thy semblance carried downe,  
Vaine-glory fondly gazeth on the skye,  
He on the ground that aymeth at a crowne:  
Thy thoughts & sight not leueld both together,  
Wher y woldst be, thine eie not bending thether.

182

VVith mind more cleare, then with eyes we see,  
That followed best whose prooffe brings confidence,  
Let words vnto thy thoughts but watch-words be,  
Thy speech no whit alyed to thy pretence;  
Feed fooles with toyes, but wise-men with regard  
The breath thou spar'st, for thy aduantage spar'd.  
The

# PIERS GAVESTON.

183

The Fates far of fore-scene, come gently neare,  
Doubt takes sure footing in the slipperest wayes,  
Safetie, most safe, when she is kept with feare,  
And quietnes the only Nurse of ease:  
Ambition frantick, stabbeth still atthrone,  
Honour, and enuie, be companions.

184

On this Dilemma stood my tickle state,  
Thus *Pro et contra* all men doe dispute,  
Precisely balanc't twixt my loue and hate,  
Some doe affirme, some other doe confute:  
Vntill my King, (sweet *Edward*) now at last,  
Thus strikes the stroke which makes the all agast.

185

Now calling such of the Nobilitie,  
As he supposed on his part would stand,  
By their consent he makes me Deputie,  
And being seated thus in Ireland,  
Of gold and siluer sendeth me such store,  
As made the world to v wonder more and more.

186

Like great gold-coyning *Crassus* in his health,  
Amidst his Legion long-maintayning store,  
The glory of the Romanie Common-wealth,  
Feasting the rich, and gyuing to the poore.  
Such was th'abundance which I then posselt,  
Blessed with gold, (if gold could make me blest.)

N 3

Where,

## PIERS GAVESTON.

187

VWhere, (like *Lucullus*,) I maintaind a port,  
As great God *Bacchus* had been late come downe,  
And in all pomp, at Dublin kept my Court,  
As I had had th'reuenewes of a Crowne.

In trayne, in state, and euery other thing.  
Attended still, as I had been a King.

188

Of this my wondrous hospitalitie,  
The Irish yet, vntill this day doe boast,  
Such was the bountie of my King to me,  
His Chequer then could scarce defray the cost.

His gifts were great, I ioyd in what he sent,  
He freely gaue, and I as freely spent.

189

Few daies there past, but some the channell crost,  
VVith kindest Letters enterlind with loue,  
VVheras I still receiu'd by euery Post,  
His Ring, his Bracelet, Garter, or his Gloue :

VWhich I in hostage of his kindnes kept,  
Of this pure loue, which liu'd and neuer slept.

190

VWith many a rich and statelie Ornament,  
Worne by great Kings, of high & wondrous price,  
Or Iewell that my fancie might content,  
With many a Robe of strange and rare deuice.

That all which saw & knew this wondrous wast,  
Perceiu'd, his treasure long time could not last.

And

# PIERS GAVESTON.

191

And thus whilst Fortune friendly cast my dice,  
And tooke my hazard, and threw at the maine,  
I saw it was but folly to be nice,  
That chanceth once, which seldome haps againe.  
I knew such bountie had been seldom scene,  
And since his time, I thinke hath neuer beene.

192

And now the Barrons which repynd before,  
Because I was too lauish of the treasure,  
And saw my wast consuming ten times more,  
Which doth so far exceed all bonds of measure,  
This (as a knife) their very hart-strings cuts,  
And gnawes them like the Collick in the guts.

193

Thus (all in vaine) they seeke to stop the source,  
For presently it ouer-flowes the bounds,  
Yet well perceiue, if thus it held his course,  
No question then, the Common-wealth it drowns;  
And thus like men which tread an endlesse maze,  
Whilst Fortune sports, y world stands at a gaze.

194

Like Souldiers in a Towne surpriz'd by night,  
Ouer their heads the houses set on fire,  
Sure to be slayne in issuing out to fight,  
Or else be burned if they doe retire:

Som curse y time, some other blame their fortune,  
Whilst black despair their deths doth stil importune

This



# PIERS GAVESTON.

195

This gracious King, (which seemd to sleep y while)  
Finding the yron thus fully had his heat,  
VVith sweet perswasions fitly frames his stile:  
VVhich in their wits doth such a temper beat,  
With kindest lookes, & sweetest vowes of loue,  
As were of force a Rock of flint to moue.

196

His cloudy frownes be turn'd to Sun-shine smiles,  
And those on whom he lowerd, he friendly graces,  
Their moody cheere, with sporting he beguiles,  
His Lyons lookes be turnd to sweet imbraces:  
That w his will, their thoughts seeme to accord,  
Such is the loue of Subiects to their Lord.

197

O Maiestie, how thy desire commands,  
How doth thy presence humble euery eye,  
Thy words, haue words, thy hand, hath many hands  
And thus with all things hast communitie:  
How thy great power of governing estate  
Is still imperious ouer loue and hate.

198

And hauing found his kindnes tooke effect,  
This agent failes not to prefer his sure,  
Nor day, nor night, once doth the same neglect,  
Vntill his travell yields desired fruite:  
And that the Barrons all with might and maine,  
Now condescend to call me home againe.

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# PIERS GAVESTON.

199

O fraile and flyding state of earthly things,  
Blind Fortune, chance, worlds mutabilitie,  
Aduancing Pefants, and debasing Kings,  
Od hap, good luck, or star-bred destenie.  
Which still doest sawne, and flatter me so oft,  
Now casts me downe, then sett'st me vp aloft.

200

In all post-hast, the King to Ireland sent  
His Princely Letters for my safe returne,  
To England now I must incontinent,  
It seemes that time all malice hath out-worne.  
The Coast is cleere, occasion calls away,  
The gale stands right, & driues me from the Bay.

201

My whistling sayles make musick with the wind,  
The boystrous waues doe homage to mine eyes,  
The brutish sort of *Eols* Imps seeme kind,  
And all the clouds abandoning the skyes:  
Now louely *Ledas* Eg-born twins appeer, (steer.  
Towards *Albyons* cliues faire Fortune guides my

202

The King is come to Chester, where he lyes,  
The Court prepared to receiue me there,  
In all the pomp that wit could well deuise:  
As since that time was seldome scene else-where.  
Where setting once my dainty foot on land,  
He thought him blest w<sup>e</sup> might but kisse my hand.

In

# PIERS GAVESTON.

203

In pleasures there we spend the nights and dayes,  
And with our Reuels entertaine the time,  
VVith costly Banquets, Masks, & stately Playes,  
Paynting our loues in many a pleasing rime.

VVith rarest Musick, and sweet-tuned voyces,  
(In which the soule of man so much reioyces.)

204

Like as the famous braue Egyptian Queene,  
Feasted the Romane great *Mark Anthony*,  
VVith Pearl-dissolu'd carrouses, seldom scene,  
Seru'd all in vessell of rich Iuory :

Such was the sumptuous banquets he prepar'd,  
In which no cost or curious thing was spard.

205

Or like the Troyan *Priam*, when as he  
Beheld his long-lost Sonne returne to Troy,  
Tryumphing now in all his iolirie,  
Proud *Ilyon* smokes with th'orges of his ioy,  
Such are our feasts & stately tryumphs here,  
VVhich with applauses, found in euery care.

206

Nothing scene searesfull, we the most might feare,  
Great'st mists aryse, before the greatest rayne,  
The water deep'st, where we least murmure heare,  
In fayrest Cups, men temper deadliest bayne.

The nearer night, the ayre more calme and still,  
The nearer to our deaths, least searing ill.

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# PIERS GAVESTON.

207

Short howres work long effects, minuts haue change  
Whilst pleasure withers, paine more ripe doth growe,  
Fortune in turning to her selfe is strange,  
Ioy is forgetfull, weale thinks not of woe.

Prosperitie a flatterer is found,  
Delight is fearelesse, till it feele the wound.

208

The Beast and Bird can prophetic of stormes,  
The ayre of tempest, doth foretell the eye,  
And sencelesse things oft Augurs of mens harmes,  
Stones fore-shew rayne, by their humiditie.

They mourne for vs, we not their mourning see,  
To men without sence, all things sencelesse be.

209

Departing thence from Chesters pleasant side,  
Towards London now we trauell with delight,  
VVhere euey Citty likewise doth prouide  
To entertaine vs, with some pleasing sight:

Till all our trayne at length to London comes,  
Wher naught is hard, but trumpets, bels & drums.

210

As when *Paulus Aemilius* entred Roome,  
And like great *Ioue*, in starlike tryumph came,  
Honoured in Purple by the Senats doome,  
Laden with gold, and crowned with his fame.

Such seemes our glory now in all mens eyes,  
Our friendship honored with applaudities.

Or



# PIERS GAVESTON.

211

Or when old *Phillips* times still-vvondred Son,  
In his vvorlds conquest sursetting vvith spoiles,  
The scourge of Kings returnes to Babilon,  
To sport and banquet after all his toiles;  
Such is our glory in our London Court,  
Whereto all Nations daylie make resort.

212

The trumpets sound but as in Tragedies,  
VVhen as the Actors on the Stage appeere,  
The drums strike Larums to our miseries,  
The dolefull bells but call vs to our Beere:  
They be not triumphs which delight ys so,  
But noyse, when men to execution goe.

213

Be deafe, nor feele, nor tast, nor smell, nor see,  
Sencelesse our bodies, sencelesse be our minds,  
Lets frame our bodies, like our minds to be,  
And rightly let them be in their owne kinds:  
Be sencelesse senses, and no pleasures feele,  
Our minds as sencelesse, as is flint or steele.

214

And thus blind Fortune luls me in her lap,  
And rocks me still, with many a Syrens song,  
Thus plac'd me on the *Atlas* of my hap,  
From which she means to cast me down ere long;  
Black vgly Fiend, ô foule mishapen euill,  
In shew an Angell, but in deed a diuell.

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# PIERS GAVESTON.

215

Euen as a Lyon got into his pawes  
The silly Lamb, seemes yet a while to play,  
Till seeking to escape out of his iawes,  
This beastly King now tares it for his pray.  
Thus hauing got me in her armes so fast,  
Determins now to feed on me at last.

216

Or as the slaughter-man doth fat the beast,  
Which afterward he meaneth shall be slayne,  
Before provided to some solemne feast,  
The more therby he may increase his gayne,  
Loe, thus proud Fortune feeds me for the knife,  
For which (it seemes) she had prepard my life.

217

For thus ere long, betweene the King and me,  
Euen as before, our Reuels thus begin,  
And now the Barrons tast their miserie,  
Opening their eyes which makes them see their sin.  
The plague once past, they neuer felt the sores,  
Till now againe it haps within their dores.

218

Times old transgression, light-beleeuing trust,  
Too late repentance, follies fonsd forecast,  
Our minds foule surfeit, and our humors lust,  
Our goods consumption, our good fortunes wast.  
Euen by my spirit, here let your griefes be showne  
Who haue been gracelesse to foresee mine owne.

By

# PIERS GAVESTON.

219

By patient sufferance, could we mildly beare,  
VVith Fortune yet we equally might share,  
And ouer-comming that, which all doe feare,  
By present cure, preuent ensuing care.  
Vaine sounds of pleasure we delight to heare,  
But counsell iarrs, as discords in our care.

220

The Horse hath raines to rule him in his course,  
The Ship an Ankor, to with-stand the flood,  
The wrestler sleight, which counterchecketh force,  
The battering Engine is by strength with-stood.  
The Hound a leasc, wherby to hold him in,  
But we no meynes, once to controle our sin.

221

Like as a man made drunk with foule excesse,  
Drowning his soule in this vile lothlie vice,  
Once being sober, sees his beastlinesse,  
Buying repentance with so deere a price?  
Thus they perceiue the bondage they possist,  
In condisceding to the Kings request.

222

The damned Furies here vnbonng the source,  
From whence the Lethe of my verrues burst,  
The black-borne Fates here labour in that course,  
By which my life and fortune came accurst.  
My death in that star-guiders doome conceled,  
Now in the browes of heauen may be reueled.

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# PIERS GAVESTON.

223

My youth spurs on my fraile vntam'd desire,  
Yielding the raines to my lasciuious will,  
Vpon the Ice I take my full careyre,  
The place too slippery, and my mannage ill:  
Thus like a Colt, in danger to be cast,  
Yet still runne on, the deuill drives so fast.

124

Now wandring in a Labyrinth of error,  
Lost in my pride, no hope of my returne,  
Of sin and shame my life a perfect mirror,  
No sparke of vertue once is scene to burne.  
Nothing there was could be discern'd in me,  
But beastly lust, and sensualitie.

225

Black *Hecate* chaunts on her night-spell charmes,  
VWhich cast me first into this deadly sleep,  
VWhilst fier-eyd *Ate* clips me in his armes,  
And hales me downe to the infernall deep:  
Foule sleep-god *Morpheus*, curtains vp the light,  
And shuts my fame in euerlasting night.

226

The fixed starres in their repugnacie,  
Had full concluded of these endlesse iarres,  
And Nature by some strange Antipathie,  
Had in our humors bred continuall warres,  
Or the star-ceeded heauens by fatall doome,  
Ordaind my troubles in my Mothers wombe.

Some



## PIERS GAVESTON.

227

Some hellish hag in this inchaunted cup,  
Out of the Tun of pride this poyson drew,  
And those hote cinders which were raked vp,  
Into the nostrils of the Nobles blew.

VVho now carroused to my Funerall,  
And (with a vengeance) I must pledge them all.

228

And now brake out that execrable rage,  
Which long before had boyled in their blood,  
Which neither time nor reason could aswage,  
But like to men growne lunatick and vwood.

My name and fame, they seeke to scandalize,  
And roote the same from all posterities.

229

They all affirme, my Mother was a Witch,  
A filthie hag, and burnt for sorcerie;  
And I her Sonne, and sitting with her pitch,  
She had bequeath'd her damned Art to me.

This rumor in the peoples eares they ring,  
That (for my purpose) I bewicht the King.

230

They say, that I conuayd beyond the Sea,  
The Table and the treffels of pure gold,  
King *Arthurs* reliques, kept full many a day,  
The which to *Windsor* did belong of old.

In whose faire margent (as they did surmize,)  
*Merlin* ingraued many prophecies.

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# PIERS GAVESTON.

2 3 1

Some slaunderous tongues, in spightful maner said  
That here I liu'd in filthy Sodomie,  
And that I was King *Edwards Ganimed*,  
And to this sinne he was intic'd by mee ;  
And more, to wreck their spightfull deadly teene,  
Report the same to *Isabell the Queene*.

2 3 2

A Catalogue of tytles they begun,  
With which I had the Noble men abused,  
VWhich they auoucht I neuer durst haue done,  
If by the King I had not been excused.  
And vrg'd, that he maintaind against the state,  
A monster, which both God and man did hate.

2 3 3

They swore the King subbornd my villanie,  
And that I was his instrument of vice,  
The means whereby he wrought his tyranny,  
That to his chaunce I euer cast the dice,  
And with most bitter execrations ban,  
The time in which, our friendship first began.

2 3 4

Loe, here drawes on my drery dismall hower,  
The dolefull period of my destinie,  
Heere doth approach the black and vglie shower,  
Hence flowes the Deluge of my misery.  
Heere comes the clowde y<sup>e</sup> shuts vp all my light,  
My lowring Winter, and eternall night.

O

The

# PIERS GAVESTON.

235

The angry Barrons now assembled were,  
And no man left that on my side durst stand,  
Before the Popes pernicious Legate there  
They forced me thus to abiure the Land:  
Vrging the King to further their intent,  
By solemne oth vpon the Sacrament.

236

Vpon the holy Sacrament hee swears,  
Although (God knowes) sul much against his will,  
So ouer-come with silence, sighs, and tears,  
To make a sword, the which himselfe should kill,  
And beeing done, (in doing then not long,)  
He seemes to curse his hand, his hart, his tongue.

237

Like to a man which walking in the grasse,  
Vpon a Serpent suddainly doth tread,  
Plucks backe his foote, & turns away his face,  
His culler fading pale as hee were dead:  
Thus he the place, thus hee the act doth shun,  
Lothing to see what hee before had done.

238

Or as a man mistaking a receite,  
Some death-strong poyson happilie doth tast,  
And euery howre the vigor doth await,  
Appald with feare, now standeth all agast,  
Thus stands he trembling in an extasie,  
Too sick to liue, and yet too strong to die.

Hee

# PIERS GAVESTON.

239

Hee takes his Crowne, and spurns it at his feete,  
His princely roabs hee doth in peeces teare,  
He straight comaunds the *Queene* out of his sight,  
He tuggs and rents his golden-tressed haire,  
He beats his breast, & sighs out pittious grones,  
Spending the day in tears, the night in mones.

240

Like as the furious *Palidine* of Fraunce,  
Forsaken of *Angelica* the faire,  
So like a *Bedlam* in the fields doth daunce,  
VVith shouts and clamors filling all the ayre,  
Tearing in peeces what so ere hee caught,  
VVith such a furie is the King distraught.

241

Or when the wofull *Thrace-borne Hecuba*,  
Saw *Troy* on fire, and *Pryams* fatall doome,  
Her sonnes all slaine, her deere *Polixina*  
There sacrificized on *Achilles* tombe,  
Euen like a Bore her angry tusks doth whet,  
Scratching and byting all that ere shee met.

242

VVith fearfull visions frighted in his bed,  
VVhich seemes to him a very thornie brake,  
VVith vgly shapes which way he turns his head:  
And when from sleepe he euer doth awake,  
Hee then again with weeping mournfull cryes,  
In grieve of soule complains his miseries.

O 2

He



## PIERS GAVESTON.

243

Hee wants digestion, and refrains his rest,  
His eyes ore-watched, like eclipsed sunnes,  
With bitter passion is his soule opprest,  
And through his eyes, his braine disolued runnes.  
And after silence, when with paine he speakes,  
A suddaine sigh his speech in sunder breakes.

244

Hee starteth vp, and *Gaueston* doth call,  
Then stands he still, and lookes vpon the ground,  
Then like one in an Epileps doth fall,  
As in a Spasma, or a deadly swoound;  
Thus languishing in paine, and lingring euer,  
In the Symptoma of this pyning feuer.

245

Like to a flower that droupeth in a frost,  
Or as a man in a Consumption pyning,  
Staynd like a cloth that hath his culler lost,  
Or Poets-worne Lawrell, whē it is declyning,  
Or like a Peacock washed in the rayne,  
Trayling adowne his starry-eyed trayne.

246

To *Belgia* I crosse the narrow seas,  
And in my breast a very sea of greefe,  
Whose tyde-full surges neuer giue me ease,  
For heauen and earth haue shut vp all releefe,  
The ayre doth threaten vengeance for my crime,  
*Cloth* drawes out the thred of all my time.

Like

## PIERS GAVESTON.

247

Like as that wicked brother-killing *Caine*,  
Flying the presence of his mighty God,  
Accurst to die, forbidden to bee slaine,  
A vagabond, and wandring still abroad.  
In Flaunders thus I trauell all alone,  
Still seeking rest, yet restles finding none.

248

Or as the Monarch of great Babylon,  
Whose monstrous pride the Lord did so detest,  
As he out-cast him from his princely throne,  
And in the field hee wandred like a beast:  
Companion with the Oxe and lothlie Ass,  
Staru'd with the cold, and feeding on the grasse.

249

Thus doe I change my habite and my name,  
From place to place I passe vnkowne of any,  
But swift report so farre had spred my fame,  
I heare my life and youth contrould of many;  
The bouzing Flemings in their boistrous tongue  
Still talking on me as I passe along.

250

O wretched, vile, and miserable man,  
Besotted so with wordly vanitie,  
When as thy life is but a very span,  
Yet euerie howre full of calamitie;  
Begot in sinne, and following still the game,  
Lying in lust, and dying oft with shame.

O 3

Now

## PIERS GAVESTON.

251

Now working means to haue intelligence,  
By secret Letters from my Lord the King,  
How matters stood since I departed thence,  
And of the tearms and state of euery thing,  
I cast about which way I might deuise,  
In spight of all, once more to play my prize.

252

And still relying on King *Edwards* loue,  
To whom before my life had beene so deere,  
Whose constancie my fortune made me proue,  
And to my Brother, Earle of Glocester,  
And to my wife, who labored tooth and naile,  
My abiuration how she might repeale.

253

I now embarck mee in a Flemish Hoy,  
Disguised in the habite of a Muffe,  
Attended thus with neither man nor boy,  
But on my backe a little bagge of stuffe:  
Like to a souldier, which in Campe of late  
Had been imployd in seruice with the State.

254

And safely landed on this blessed shore,  
Towards Windsor thus disguisd I tooke my way,  
VVhereas I had intelligence before,  
My wife remaind, and there my *Edward* lay,  
My deereft wife, to whom I sent my ring,  
Who made my comming known vnto the king.

As

## PIERS GAVESTON.

255

As when old-youthfull *Aeson* in his glasse,  
Saw from his eyes the cheerfull lightning sprung,  
VWhen as Art-spell *Medea* brought to passe,  
By hearbs & charms, againe to make him young.  
Thus stood King *Edward*, raiusht in the place,  
Fixing his eyes vpon my louely face.

256

Or as Muse-meruaile *Hero*, when she clips  
Her deere *Leanders* byllow-beaten limms,  
And with sweet kisses seazeth on his lips,  
When for her sake, deep *Hellespont* she swimms,  
Thus we, by tender deere imbracings proue,  
Faire *Heros* kindnes, and *Leanders* loue.

257

Or like the twifold-twyned *Geminy*,  
In their star-gilded gyrdle strongly tyed,  
Chaynd by their Saffron'd tresses in the sky,  
Standing to guard the Sun-coch in his pride,  
Like as the Vine, his loue the *Eline* imbracing,  
With nimble arms our bodies interlacing.

258

O blinded Reason, reasonles in this,  
Vnrulie will, of vnrul'd appetite,  
Could our discretion moderate our blisse,  
It might more easlie moderate their spight,  
But wee are carried with the winds away,  
To violent the Gulfe of our decay.



# PIERS GAVESTON.

e 59

O wondrous loue, were then a meane in thee,  
Reason might vnderstand what thou dost meane,  
But for thou wouldst not comprehended bee,  
Our vnderstancing thou doost but disdain:  
Thou mind-transforming monster, monstrous ill,  
Which hating saues, but cherrishing doth kill.

260

But all thy meane (fond loue) is in extreames,  
Thy heed is rashnes, thy fore-cast thy fall,  
Thy wit is follie, and thy hopes are dreames,  
Thy counsell madnes, and thy rule is thrall;  
And onelie this, thou art not what thou art,  
And of thy selfe, thou art not any part.

261

The Barrons hearing how I was arriued,  
And that my late abiurement naught preuailed,  
By my returne, of all their hopes depriued,  
Their bedlam rage no longer now concealed,  
But as hote coles once puffed with the wind,  
Into a flame out-breaking by their kind,

262

Like to a man, whose foote doth hap to light  
Into the nest where stinging Hornets lie,  
Vext with the spleene, and raging with despight,  
About his head these winged spirits flie:  
Thus rise they vp with mortall discontent,  
By death to end both life and banishment.

Or

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

263

Or like to souldiers in a towne of warre,  
VVhen Sentinell the enemye discryes,  
Affrighted with this vnexpected iarre,  
All with the fearfull Larum-bell arise,  
Thus muster they, (as Bees doe in a hyue,  
The idle Drone out of their combes to dryue.)

264

It seem'd the earth with heauen grew male-content  
Nothing is heard but warrs & Armors ringing,  
Now none but such as stratagems inuent,  
The whissing phife, the warlike trumpet singing,  
Each souldier now, his crested plume aduaunces,  
On barbed horses prest, with swords & launces.

265

Thus whilst our hopes should thrise, they do dimi-  
Our early rising, makes our set too soone, (nish,  
Euen as it dooth begin, it soone dooth finish,  
Our night is come before it should be noone,  
Our down-fall haps as wee should mount on hie,  
So short and fraile is our felicitie.

266

Mens haps by heauen be fram'd preposterous,  
Now with eternall good, now temporall ill,  
And oft againe contrary vnto vs,  
Our good but short, our euill during still,  
To shew, that heauens euer-waking powers,  
Doe rule as Lords, both ouer vs and ours.

Like

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

267

Lyke as the Ocean chafing with his bounds,  
VVith raging billows flies against the Rocks,  
And to the shore sends forth his hidious sounds,  
Making the earth to tremble with his shocks,  
Euen thus the murmure flies from shore to shore  
Like to the Cannons battering fearefull rore.

268.

By day and night attended still with Spyes,  
The Court become the cause of all our woes,  
The Countrie now a Campe of enemies,  
The Citties are be-peopled with our foes,  
Our very beds, are snares made to enwrap vs,  
Our surest guard (as Traytors) do intrap vs.

269

Like to a cry of roring-mouthed hounds,  
Rouzing the long-liu'd Stagge out of his layre,  
Pursue the chase through vastie forrest grounds,  
So like a thunder ratling in the ayre,  
Thus doe they hunt vs still from Coast to Coast,  
Most hated now, of those we fauored most.

270

This gracious Prince loe thus becoms my guide,  
And with a conuoy of some chosen friends,  
Brings me to Yorke, where being fortified,  
To Balioll the King of Scots hee sends,  
And to the Welchmen, crauing both their ayde,  
That by their help the Barrows might be staid.

But

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

271

But they, which in their busines neuer slept,  
And (as it seem'd) had well fore-seene this thing,  
Cause all the Ports and Marches to be kept,  
That none should enter to assise the King:  
And by dissuasive Letters still deuise,  
To stay their neighbours from this enterprize.

272

Loe, in this sort the King and I betrayd,  
And to their wills thus left as wofull thrals,  
And finding now no further hope of ayde,  
VVee shut vs vp within Yorks aged walls,  
Vntill we knew the Barrons full intent,  
And what all thys rude hurly burlic ment.

273

This gracious King, wanting his wonted rest,  
And toying still in this perplexitie,  
VVith greuous sicknes is so sore opprest  
And growne by this to such extremitie,  
As hee is forced to depart away,  
A while to purge this humor at the sea.

274

From Bedford now (the synod of their shame,  
The counsell-house of all their villanie,)  
These bloody Barrons with an Armie came,  
Downe vnto Yorke, where they besieged mee,  
VVhere now not able to resist their might,  
Am forst perforce, to flye away by night.

To



## PIERS GAVESTON.

275

To *Scarborough*, with speed away I post,  
With that small force the Citty then could lend me  
The strongest Castell there in all the Coast,  
And (as I thought) the surest to defend mee,  
VVhercas I might with-stand thē by my power,  
Hoping the Kings returning euey howre.

276

But now, like to a sousing suddaine raine,  
Forc'd by a strong and sturdie Easterne blast,  
Or like a hayle storme, down they come amaine,  
And in the Castell girt mee now so fast,  
No way to scape, no hope for mee to flye,  
My choyse was hard, or yeeld my selfe, or dye.

277

Away thus like a prysoner, am I led,  
My costlie robes in peeces rent and torne,  
Bound hand and foote, my haire disheuled,  
Naked and bare as euer I was borne :  
Saue but for shame, to stop the peoples cryes,  
Am basely clothed of mine enemies.

278

Along the Land, toward Oxford they conuay mee,  
Like bauling currees, they all about me houle,  
VVith words of soule reproch they now repay mee  
VVondring my shame, as byrds doe at an Owle,  
Curfing my life, my manners and my birth,  
A scourge of God, ordain'd to plague the earth.  
The

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

279

The King now hearing how I was arested,  
And knew my quarrell cause of all this strife,  
Hee writes, he sends, he sues, he now requested,  
Vsing all meanes he could to saue my life,  
VVith vowes & othes, that al should be amended  
If that my death alone might be suspended.

280

And being brought to Dedington at last,  
By *Amyer Valence*, Earle of Pembroke then,  
VWho toward King *Edward* rode in all the hast,  
And left me guarded safely by his men:  
This gentle Earle w<sup>th</sup> meere compassion moued,  
For *Edwards* sake, whom he so deerely loued.

281

But now *Guy Beuchamp*, whom I feared still,  
The Earle of VV<sup>ar</sup>wick, whom I called curte,  
Hauing fit time to execute his will,  
The Fox thus caught, he vowes to teare my furre.  
And hee for whom so oft hee set the trap,  
By good ill luck, is fallen into his lap.

282

This bloody *Beuchamp*, (I may tearme him so,)  
For this was he which onely sought my blood,  
Now at the vp-cast of mine ouer-throw,  
And on the chaunce whereon my fortune stood,  
To Dedington by night came, where I lay,  
And by his power conuay'd me thence away.

To

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

283

To Warwick thus fast bound he doth me bring,  
Imprisoning me within the Castell there,  
And doubting now my succor from the King,  
Hee raiseth vp the power of VVarwickshire,  
By whom forth-with to Blacklow I was led,  
And on a scaffold there, I lost my head.

284

**L** O heere the poynt and sentence of my time,  
My liues full stop, my last Catastrophe,  
The stipend of my death-deseruing crime,  
The Scene that ends my wofull Tragedie,  
My latest farwell, knitting my conclusion,  
Mine vtter ruine, and my fames confusion.

285

Like as *Adonis* wounded with the Bore,  
From whose fresh hurt the life-warme blood doth  
Now lieth wallowing in his purple gore, (spin,  
Stayning his faire and Allablaster skin,  
My headles body in the blood is left,  
Heere lying brethles, of all life bereft.

286

O now my Muse, put on thy Eagles wings,  
O lend some comfort to my tyred ghost,  
And with *Apollon*s dolefull-tuned strings,  
Now helpe at need, for now I need thee most.  
Sorrow possesse my hart, myne eyes, mine eares,  
My breth consume to sighs, my braine to teares.  
My

## PEIRS GAVESTON.

287

My soule now in the heauens eternall glasse,  
Beholds the scarrs and botches of her sin,  
How filthy, vglie and deformd shee was,  
The lothsome dunghill that shee wallowed in,  
Her pure Creator sitting in his glory,  
VWith eyes of iustice to peruse her story.

288

Like as a Stagge at bay amongst the hounds,  
The bloody Moat sounding in his eares,  
Feeling his breth diminish by his wounds,  
Poures downe his gummy life-preseruing tears :  
Euen thus my soule, now bayted by my sin,  
Consuming, shewes the sorrow shee is in.

289

Thus comfortles, forsaken and alone,  
All worldly things vnstable, and vnure,  
By true contrition flies vnto his throne,  
In whose compare, the heauens are most impure.  
By whose iust doome, to blessed soules reuealed,  
She gets her passport to his mercy sealed.

290

And by repentance, finds a place of rest,  
Where passing to the faire *Elisian* plaine,  
Shee is alow'd her roome amongst the blest,  
In those Ambrosian shadowes to remaine :  
Till summond thus by Fame, she is procur'd,  
To tell my life, which hath been long obscur'd.

Thys



## PEIRS GAVESTON.

291

Thys Monster now, thys many-headed beast,  
The people, more vnconstant then the wind,  
VWho in my life, my life did so detest,  
Now in my death, are of another mind,  
And with the fountains from their tearfull eyes,  
Doc honour to my latest obsequies.

292

Star-holding heauen hath shut vp all her light,  
Nature becom a step-dame to her owne,  
The mantled truch-man of the Rauē-hu'd night,  
In mournfull fables clad the Horizon:  
The sky-borne Plannets seeming to conspire,  
Against the ayre, the water, earth and fire.

293

Pearle-paued *Auon*, in her streamfull course,  
V Vith heauie murmure floting on the stones,  
Mou'd with lament to pittie and remorse,  
Attempering sad musick to my mones,  
Tuning her billowes to sweet Zephyrs breath,  
In watrie language doth bewaile my death.

294

Oke-shadowed *Arden*, fild with bellowing cryes,  
Resounding through her holts and hollow grounds,  
To which the Eccho euer-more replyes,  
And to the fields sends forth her hidious sounds,  
And in her Siluan rude vntuned songs,  
Makes birds & beasts for to expresse my wrongs.  
The

## PIERS GAVESTON.

295

The heauen-dyed flowers in this happy clime,  
Mantling the Medowes in their Sommers pride,  
As in the wofull frostie winter time,  
Drouping with faintnes hold their heads aside.  
The boistrous storms, dispoile y<sup>e</sup> greenest greues,  
Stripping the Trees stark naked of their leaues.

296

Death cald in liueries of my louely cheeks,  
Layd in those beds of Lillies and of Roses,  
Amaz'd with meruaile, here for wonders seeks,  
V<sup>e</sup>re he alone a Paradice supposes,  
Grew malecontent, and with himselfe at strife,  
Not knowing now if he were death or life.

297

And shutting vp the casements of those lights,  
Which like two suns, so sweetly went to rest,  
In those faire Globes he saw those heauenly sights,  
In which alone he thought him onely blest.  
Cursing himselfe, who had deprived breath,  
From that which thus, could giue a life in death.

298

V<sup>e</sup>ith palenes touching that faire rubied lip,  
Now waxing purple, like *Adonis* flower,  
Where Iuory walls those rocks of Currall keep,  
From whence did flow y<sup>e</sup> Nectar streaming shower.  
There earth-pale Death refresht his tyred lims,  
Where *Cupid* bath'd him in those Christall brims.

P.

And

## PIERS GAVESTON.

299

And entring now into that house of glory,  
That Temple with sweet Odors long perfumed,  
VVhere Nature had ingraued many a story,  
In Letters, which by death were not consumed.  
Accursed now, his crueltie he curst, (worst.  
That Fame should liue, when death had done his

300

Now when the King had notice of my death,  
And that he saw his purpose thus preuented,  
In greuous sighes he now consumes his breath,  
And into teares his very eyes relented:  
Cursing that vile and mercy-wanting age,  
And breakes into this passion in his rage.

301

O heauens (quoth he) lock vp the liuing day,  
Cease Sunne to lend the world thy glorious light,  
Starres, flye your course, and wander all astray,  
Moone, lend no more thy siluer shine by night.  
Heauen, Stars, Sun, Moone, cōioyne you al in one,  
Reuenge the death of my sweet *Gaueston*.

302

Earth, be thou helplesse in thy creatures birth,  
Sea, breake thou forth from thy immured bound,  
Ayre, with thy vapours poyson thou the earth,  
Wind, break thy Caue, & all the world confound.  
Earth, Sea, Ayre, Wind, conioyne you all in one,  
Reuenge the death of my sweet *Gaueston*.

You,

# PIERS GAVESTON.

303

You Sauage beasts, which haunt y waylesse woods,  
You Birds delighted in your Siluan sound,  
You scaly Fish, which swim in pleasant floods,  
You hartlesse Wormes, which creep vpon y ground,  
Beasts, birds, fish, worms, each in your kind alone,  
Bewaile the death of my sweet *Gaueston*.

304

Faire Medowes, be you withered in the prime,  
Sun-burnt and bare, be all the goodly Mountains,  
Groues, be you leauelesse in the Sommer time,  
Pitchy and black be all the Christall Fountains:  
All things on earth, each in your kind alone,  
Bewaile the death of my sweet *Gaueston*.

305

You damned Furies, breake your Stigian Cell,  
You wandring spirits, in water, earth, and ayre,  
Lead-boyled Ghosts which lue in lowest hell,  
Gods, deuils, men, vnto mine ayde repayre,  
Come all at once, conioyne you all in one,  
Reuenge the death of my sweet *Gaueston*.

306

Eyes neuer sleepe, vntill you see reuenge,  
Head, neuer rest, vntill thou plot reuenge,  
Hart, neuer think, but tending to reuenge,  
Hands, neuer act, but acting deepe reuenge.  
Iust-dooming heauens, reuenge me from aboue,  
That men vnborne may wonder at my Loue.

P2

You



# PIERS GAVESTON.

307

You peerlesse Poets of ensuing times,  
Chaunting Herioque Angell-tuned Notes,  
Or humble Pastors Nectar-filled lines,  
Driuing your flocks with musick to their Cotes.  
Let your high-flying Muses still bemone,  
The wofull end of my sweet Gaueston,

308

My earth-pale body now enbalmd with tears,  
To famous Oxford solemnly conuaid,  
There buried by the ceremonious Friers,  
Where for my soule was many a Trentall said.  
With all those rites my obsequies behoued,  
Whose blind deuotion, time & truth reprocud.

309

But ere two yeeres were out and fully dated,  
This gracious King who still my fame respected,  
My wasted bones to Langley thence translated,  
And ouer me a stately Tombe erected. (worne,  
VWhich world-deuouring Time, hath now out-  
As but for Letters, were my name forlorne.

FINIS.



## The vision of *Matilda*.

**M**E thought I saw vpon *Matildas* Tombe,  
Her wofull ghost, which Fame did now awake,  
And cr I'd her passage frō Earths hollow wombe,  
To view this Legend, written for her sake;

No sooner shee her sacred Name had seene,  
Whom her kind friend had chose to grace her story,  
But wiping her chaste teares from her sad eyne,  
Shee seem'd to triumph, in her double glory.

Glory shee might, that his admired Muse,  
Had with such method fram'd her iust complaint:  
But proud she was, that reason made him chuse,  
To patronize the same to such a Saint:

In whom her rarest vertues may be shown,  
Though Poets skil shold faile to make thē known.

*H. G. Esquire.*

T Eares in your eyes, and passions in your harts,  
With mournfull grace vouchsafe *Matildas* story :  
The subiect sad, a King to act the parts  
Of his owne shame, to others endlesse glory.  
But such is sinne, where lawlesse lust is reigning,  
Sweet to the tast, till all turnes to infection,  
VWhen count is cast, a reckoning is remayning,  
VWhich must be payd, but not at our election.  
Perrill and Greefe, the interest of Pleasure,  
Spending the stock that Danger long was gayning,  
Makes soule and body bankrupt of that treasure,  
Which vainly spent, what helps our fond cōplaining  
O that my lines could so the Author grace,  
As well his vertues merit prayse and place,

R. L. Esquire.

To

## To M. Drayton.

*Michael* which dost great *Roberts* fame compile,  
Thy subiects worth, thy wit, thy Ladies glory,  
Cheere vp thy Muse, add lyfe vnto thy stile,  
VWhile thou assaist to write his worthy story.

Whose boundlesse spirit, whose high chivalrie,  
And vertuous deeds must needs haue buried beene  
By ages enuie, and times tirannie,

And neuer had with mortall eyes been seene,  
Had not thy Muse restor'd his former fame,

The twise dead *Norman* to his speaking sight,  
Euen when his eyes had lost their shyning flame,  
Like vnto Lamps that wanting oyle, want light.

By thee he sees, he liues, he speaks againe,

Thē chere thee *Michael*, Fame rewards thy paine.

*Mirocinius.*



TO M. DIXON.



